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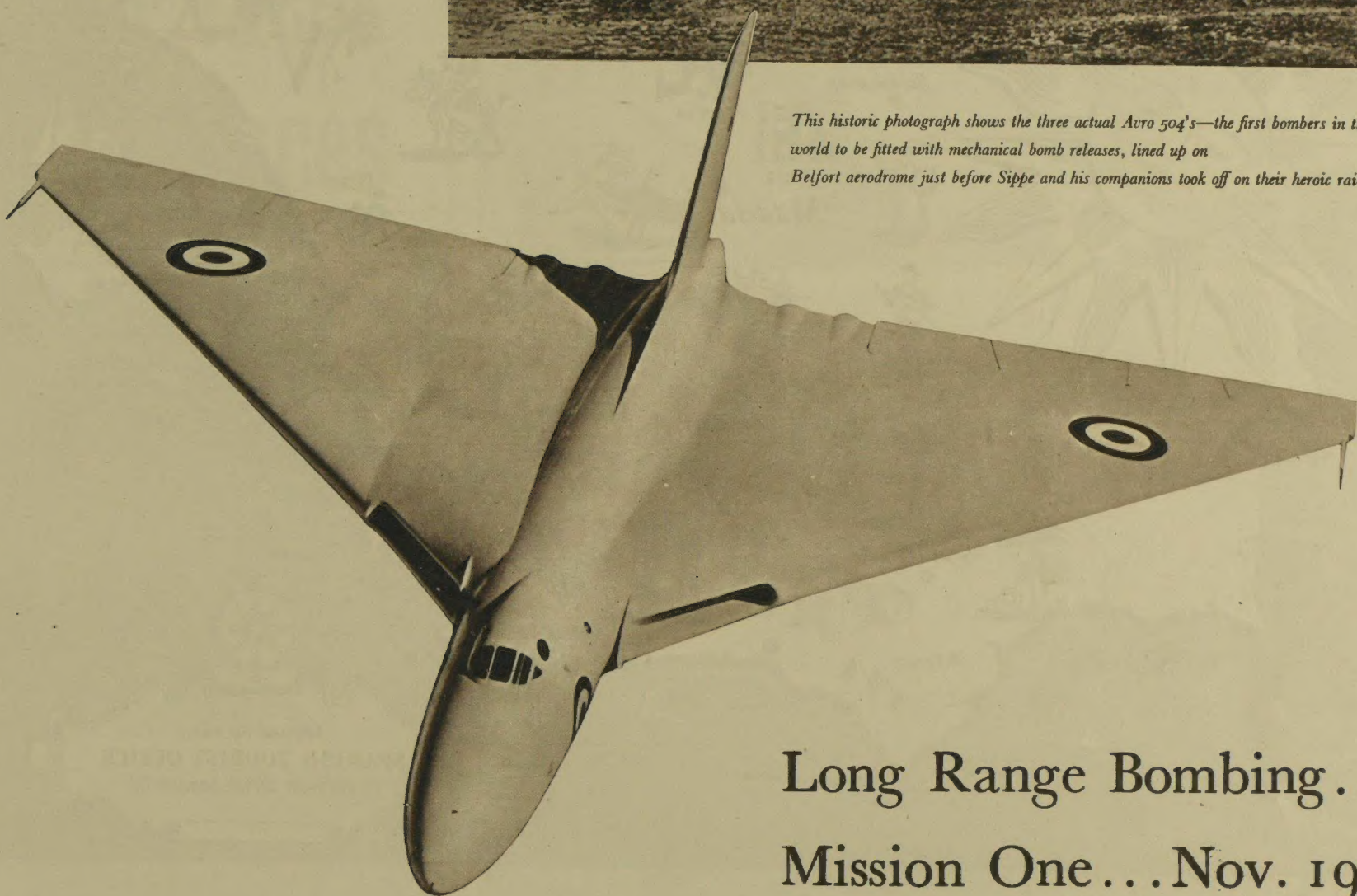
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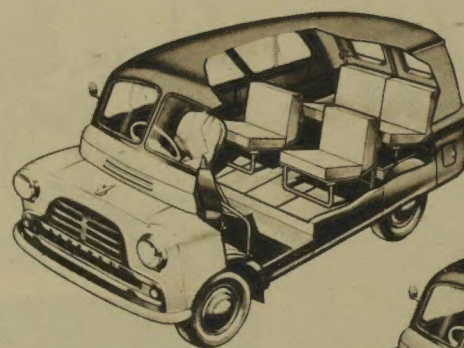
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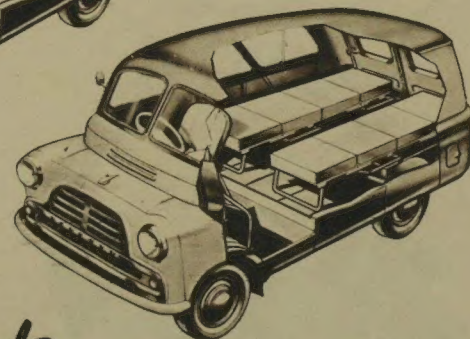
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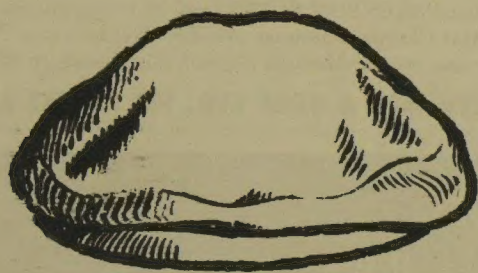
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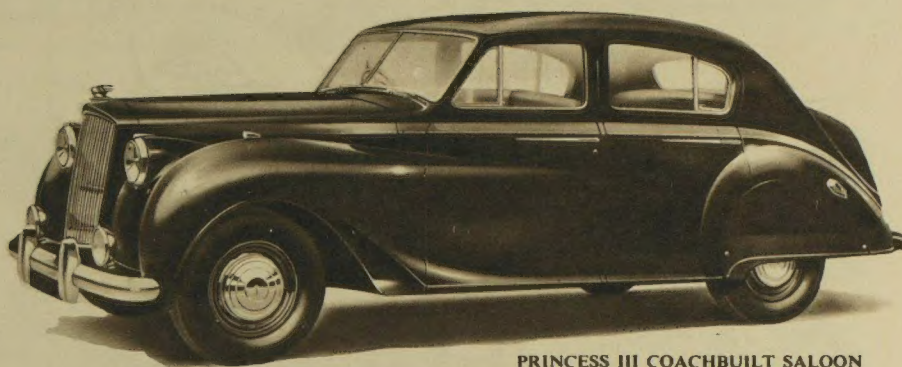
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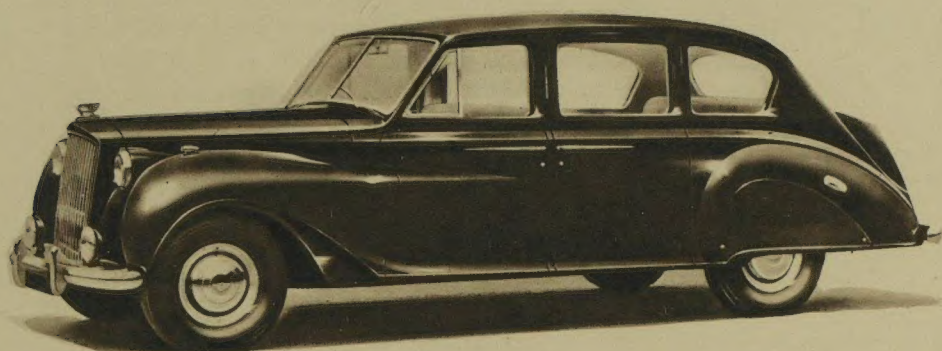
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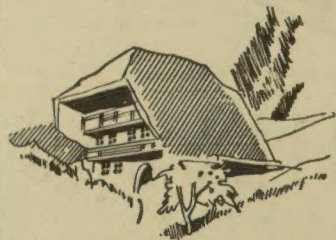
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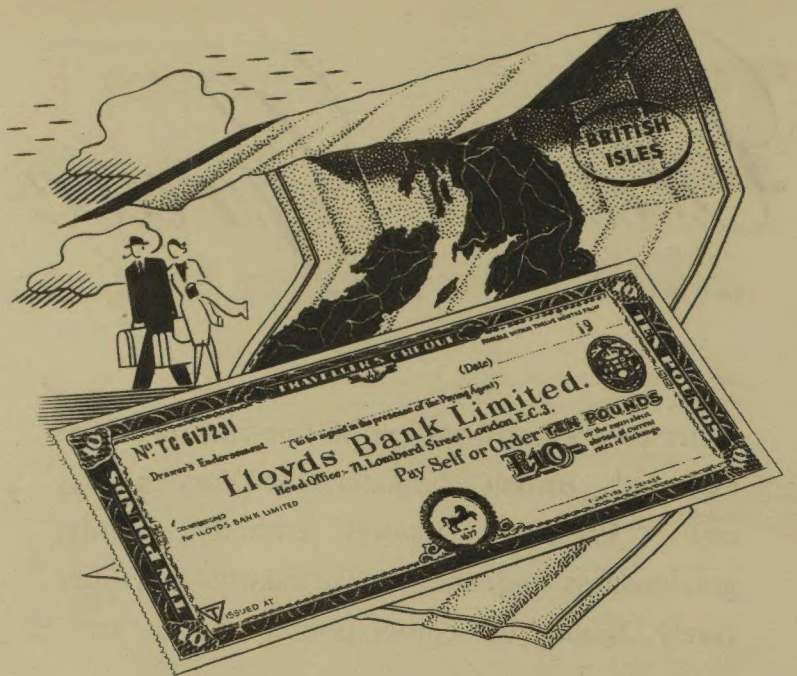
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SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1954.



OPENING THE PARLIAMENT OF CEYLON AT A GLITTERING CEREMONY HELD IN INTENSE HEAT: HER MAJESTY, WEARING HER CORONATION DRESS, SEATED IN THE INDEPENDENCE MEMORIAL HALL IN COLOMBO.

On April 12 the Queen, wearing her heavily embroidered Coronation dress, but appearing graceful and cool despite the intense heat, opened the third session of Ceylon's second Parliament. The ceremony did not take place in the Parliament building, but in the Independence Memorial Hall, which is constructed in the Kandyan style, with open sides. The Queen and the Duke, were received by the Prime Minister, Sir John Kotalawala, and the President of the Senate and the Speaker. The Queen and her husband took their seats on black ebony thrones, and behind them stood the two ladies-in-waiting, Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Lady Alice Egerton, in satin dresses and tiaras,

and on either side were the two private secretaries, Sir Michael Adeane and Commander Michael Parker, in white uniforms. In her speech the Queen referred to Ceylon having taken her place six years ago as an independent and fully responsible member of the Commonwealth of Nations and said that she had no doubt that Ceylon would make a valuable contribution towards the pursuit of peace, liberty and progress. Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, Leader of the Senate, spoke of the inspiration given by the Royal visit. Mr. Jayawardene, Leader of the House of Representatives, delivered his address of thanks and then repeated it in Sinhalese. (Radio photograph.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT was Lord Roehampton, I think, who in Belloc's famous poem strained a vocal chord from saying, very loud and clear, why the Budget—

in his opinion should not be allowed to win.

At the time that Lord Roehampton suffered this misfortune, somewhere towards the end of the first decade of this century, income tax was about a shilling in the pound. Had this worthy man, whose indignation at the modest fiscal impositions of his day led indirectly to his demise, been alive to-day, he would not have required a medical injunction to remain silent to bring about the internal explosion that cost him his life! He would have burst, immediately, on reading the Budget. His death could have been laid directly at Mr. Butler's door.

For remembering the site of Lord Roehampton's London house—it was in South Audley Street—its size, with its stables at the back and its "gay parterre with toffs escorting ladies fair," there seems little doubt that, had he lingered on into an era so unsympathetic to noblemen as ours, he would have found himself paying taxes at the rate of at least 19s. in the £. One can only, therefore, be grateful that the poor man died when he did. There are, however, many still surviving whose life-times have overlapped Lord Roehampton's and who, to-day paying taxes at a rate far beyond that deceased taxpayer's wildest nightmares, can remember an England when a business or professional man could spend and save at least nineteen shillings of every pound he earned. To-day, such a man, however industrious and successful, cannot—unless he enjoys some means of untaxed capital appreciation—hope to save anything at all. The British fiscal revolution in the first half of the twentieth century has been, I suspect, a greater revolution than any in our history, certainly since the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror, too, it may be remembered, like Mr. Butler and his immediate predecessors of painful memory, was a merciless taxer. His very first act after being crowned was to "lay on a geld exceeding stiff." And the far from disinterested enquiry he instituted into his subjects' sources of livelihood made an impression on them so indelible that it is one of the few facts that most men, even 900 years after his death, recall from their schooldays. "So narrowly did he cause the survey to be made," wrote the outraged Anglo-Saxon chronicler, "that there was not one single hide nor rood of land, nor—it is shameful to tell, but he thought it no shame to do—was there an ox, cow or swine that was not set down in the writ." I do not know if there is a statue of William the Conqueror in that part of Somerset House occupied by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, but there ought to be.

Budgets affect men so closely and intimately that inevitably a good deal of nonsense is talked about them. Lord Roehampton was no exception to the generality of mankind in this respect; he was only exceptional in the intensity of his protest and the excessive strain it placed on his vocal chord. He has many humbler counterparts in the Britain of to-day, and not only among the peerage. The first by-election since Mr. Butler's 1954 Budget showed, it seems, a 3·57 swing to the Left. One suspects that most of those who recorded their protest and disappointment in this way would have been even more indignant if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had cut taxation at the expense of the State's free services whose automatically mounting cost makes his task every year harder. Having one's cake and eating it is an exercise which electors and armchair critics, like the writer of this page, greatly enjoy indulging. But it is one which cannot be indulged in by a statesman whose lot it is to add up figures and make them balance.

That is why Chancellors of the Exchequer always seem such unsympathetic souls!

A modern Budget is an instrument rather delicately—or, as some might say, indelicately—poised between two conflicting theories of social life. The one is the ancient one held, and to a greater or lesser degree practised, by the Nordic peoples, that every free man should be entitled to and live on "his own," and that his contribution to the expenses of government should be limited to what he himself, in person or through his representatives, agrees with his rulers to be fair and proper. It is a theory of which during comparatively modern times—that is, during the last thousand years—this country has been the principal exponent in practice, but which to-day is more honoured in the United States than on this side of the North Atlantic. The other theory is a much older and more universal one: that Governments,

not individuals, are sacred, and that in economic matters, as in those of war and politics, the Government should have, not only the last, but the first word and ordain what and how the subject should create and consume: in other words, that all wealth should be controlled not by the individual but by the State. During the last fifty years the former conception has increasingly given way in this once libertarian land to the latter, until to-day the individual control and free use of private property is, for all but a very small minority of untaxed capital manipulators, an illusion rather than a reality. It is the State, through its annual fiscal instrument of the Budget, that now largely instructs the individual citizen what he shall do "with his own." It is the State, too, which through the Budget ordains what "his own" shall be. The ancient Nordic ideal of free inheritance—an ideal which even half a century ago was sacrosanct in this country—has been imperceptibly undermined by death duties and other fiscal instruments. The Budget to-day has become a device for laying down how much of the national income the individual citizen shall enjoy in the coming year and on what he shall spend his share of it. For the Budget can not only take away from him a half, or three-quarters, or nine-tenths, or even more of a man's income and distribute it among others, but, by indirect taxation, can make some particular commodity, like beer or tobacco or petrol, too expensive for men to buy and, therefore, too unremunerative for men to produce. A Budget can direct, not only how every man spends his State-ordained share of the national income, but how he works and at what he works.

This transition which has taken place in our time from what our fathers used to call freedom to what our fathers called slavery, but whose significance has been scarcely realised by us—for we are a people little given to the contemplation of political and social theories—has been brought about partly by the transfer of voting power to the less-propriety classes, who not unnaturally have used their new voting-power to transfer wealth from the pockets of their richer neighbours to their own. But it has been brought about even more by the imperceptible transformation of the House of Commons from a chamber of representatives protecting the taxpayers' interests against the Government into an organ of government itself. The omnipotence of Parliament and Government have become, for better or worse, one and the same, and there is scarcely any limit except the extent of the taxpayer's purse—that is, of the national income—to what Government can and does spend. Those whose incomes are unlimited soon become prodigal, and there are signs that the prodigality of the modern Parliamentary State will ultimately exceed the capacity of the subject to earn and pay for its expenditure.

MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE.



HERE FOR DISCUSSIONS ON INDO-CHINA: MR. DULLES, WHO HAD TALKS WITH MR. EDEN AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE ON APRIL 12 AND 13.

On April 11 Mr. Dulles arrived in London for talks with Mr. Eden on Indo-China and atomic energy development. After their meetings they issued a communiqué in which they said that their two countries were ready to take part, with the other countries principally concerned, in the examination of the possibility of establishing a collective defence, within the framework of the U.N. Charter, to assure the peace, security and freedom of South-East Asia and the Western Pacific. They hoped that the Geneva Conference would lead to the restoration of peace in Indo-China, where the war not only threatened those now directly involved but also endangered the peace and security of the whole of South-East Asia and the Western Pacific. [Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.]

WHERE THE QUEEN IS DUE ON MAY 1: TOBRUK, STORM-CENTRE IN WORLD WAR II.



WHERE THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* WILL BE WAITING TO TAKE THE QUEEN TO MALTA ON MAY 1: TOBRUK HARBOUR, WITH A R.A.S.C. WATER-TANKER ALONGSIDE.



THE MARRIED QUARTERS OF BRITISH SERVICEMEN STATIONED IN TOBRUK. BRITAIN HAS A TREATY WITH LIBYA PERMITTING HER TO MAINTAIN THE R.A.F. AT TOBRUK.



WHERE 2478 BRITISH AND ALLIED SOLDIERS KILLED IN THE WESTERN DESERT ARE BURIED: THE ENTRANCE TO TOBRUK WAR CEMETERY. (Copyright photograph: Imperial War Graves Commission.)

H.M. the Queen is due to arrive in Tobruk by air from Entebbe on May 1 where the Royal yacht *Britannia* will be waiting, with her children aboard, to carry her on the last stages of her homeward voyage. Her aircraft will land at the R.A.F. airfield at El Adem, which is still surrounded by many active minefields. The airfield was used by both Allied and enemy aircraft in World War II. Tobruk was first captured by Lord Wavell's advancing forces in January 1940, fell to Rommel in April 1941 and was eventually recaptured in December 1942, during



USED BY FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL AS HIS H.Q. DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF TOBRUK: THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT HOUSE, REDUCED TO A SHELL BY ALLIED ACTION.



A VIEW OF ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF TOBRUK, WITH THE TOWER OF ALL SAINTS' CHURCH IN THE TOP LEFT-HAND CORNER.



ALWAYS ONE OF THE BUSIEST PARTS OF TOBRUK: THE MARKET. ON THE RIGHT ARABS SIT AT LEISURE IN THE OPEN AIR.

the final advance to Tunisia. It has been arranged that the Queen's Colour of the R.A.F. Regiment, presented by her Majesty last year, will be paraded for the first time overseas with the Royal guard of honour. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh have arranged to visit the Imperial War Graves Cemetery, where men of Britain and the Allies who died in the Western Desert campaigns of World War II. are buried. Before sailing for Malta in *Britannia* the Queen hopes to meet King Idris of Libya.

AWAITING THE ROYAL VISIT OF APRIL 27: THE CROWN COLONY OF ADEN.



THE HARBOUR AT STEAMER POINT, ADEN, WITH A TROOPSHIP LYING OFF THE PIER. HERE S.S. *GOETHIC* IS TO ANCHOR DURING THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ADEN.



THE SECRETARIAT BUILDING, ADEN. THE COLONY OF ADEN IS ONLY 75 SQUARE MILES; BUT THE ADEN PROTECTORATE IS ABOUT 112,000 SQUARE MILES.



THE CRESCENT HOTEL, ADEN: THE CRESCENT IS NEAR THE HARBOUR AND WILL BE THE FIRST PART OF THE COLONY TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN.



THE SALLA MARKET, IN CRATER. THIS IS THE OLD TOWN OF ADEN; AND AT THE CRATER FOOTBALL GROUND A GATHERING OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN WILL GREET THE QUEEN.



ON THE PRINCE OF WALES' LANDING PIER, ADEN. IT IS AT THIS PIER THAT THE ROYAL PARTY HAVE ARRANGED TO DISEMBARK FOR THE VISIT OF APRIL 27, AND NEAR HERE, AT THE CRESCENT GARDENS, THAT THE FIRST PRESENTATIONS WILL BE MADE.

The Queen's visit to the Crown Colony of Aden was timed to begin at 9.30 a.m. on the morning of April 27, when she and the Duke of Edinburgh were to land at the Prince of Wales' Pier to the sound of a Royal salute and to be greeted by the Governor. A crowded morning would include presentations, loyal addresses and a military parade at the Crescent Gardens near by, followed by a visit to the R.A.F. Hospital and luncheon at Government House. After a return to S.S. *Gothic* by the Royal party, the Duke of Edinburgh was later to visit the new oil refinery



THE TAWELLA TANKS, AT CRATER, IN THE COLONY OF ADEN. IN GENERAL, THE COLONY DRAWS ITS WATER FROM WELLS, BUT THE WATER SUPPLY IS IN COURSE OF IMPROVEMENT.

at Little Aden, while the Queen was to see a great gathering of school-children at the football ground at Crater, visit the Sheikh Othman Gardens and the R.A.F. Station at Khormaksar. During the evening, when the Royal party had returned to the ship, there being no further engagements arranged, a firework display in the harbour was planned. On the following day (April 28), her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh were to drive out again to Khormaksar R.A.F. Station, to embark there in the aircraft which should take them to Uganda.

CRESCENT AND CRATER: ASPECTS OF ADEN WHICH THE QUEEN WILL SEE.



A VISTA OF GOVERNMENT HOUSING DEVELOPMENT ON THE KHORMAKSAR ISTHMUS, ADEN. THE COLONY IS AT PRESENT IN A PHASE OF CONSIDERABLE INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION.



MODERN CARS AND A CAMEL CART AT THE CRESCENT, ADEN. THE CRESCENT IS THE MAIN SHOPPING CENTRE NEAR THE HARBOUR, CRATER BEING FIVE MILES AWAY.

ADEN itself, which H.M. the Queen arranged to visit on April 27-28, is a small Crown Colony of 75 square miles, backed by a hinterland of the West and East Aden Protectorates which amount to about 112,000 square miles, the territories and dependencies of Arab chiefs, most of whom are in treaty relations with H.M. Government. The population of the Colony is 80,500, that of the Protectorates about 600,000. The Colony has a Governor, who is assisted by an Executive Council and a Legislative Council; and the Governor controls the Protectorates. Aden was annexed to the British Indian Administration in 1839, and became a Crown Colony in 1937. Aden is believed to be entering on a period of great advancement. An oil refinery is being erected at a cost of about £50,000,000 and is due to be completed in December this year. Electrical power production is being increased, the water supply is being improved; and considerable educational progress has been made in recent years, with the growth of schools, colleges and a technical college.

(RIGHT.) WHERE THE QUEEN WILL INSPECT A PARADE AND TAKE THE SALUTE AT A MARCH PAST: THE CRESCENT FOOTBALL GROUND, WITH THE GARDENS IN THE BACKGROUND.



GUNNERS OF THE ADEN GARRISON FIRING A SALUTE, BESIDE THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER, WHICH WAS ONCE THE GARRISON CHURCH.



ARAB FARMERS OF THE ABYAN DISTRICT OF THE WESTERN ADEN PROTECTORATE ARRIVING IN THE COLONY FOR AN AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, WITH THEIR CAMELS.

IN A LONDON EXHIBITION: WORKS BY MEMBERS OF MANET'S CIRCLE.



"LA ROBE ROSE"; BY FREDERIC BAZILLE (1841-1870), WHO WAS KILLED IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.



"FREDERIC BAZILLE"; BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919), ON VIEW AT THE TATE GALLERY.



"LA FEMME AU GANT" (THE WOMAN WITH A GLOVE); BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901).



"L'ATELIER AUX BATIGNOLLES"; BY FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1904), EDOUARD MANET AT THE EASEL, WITH ZACHARIE ASTRUC BESIDE HIM, AND (STANDING; L. TO R.) OTTO SCHOLDERER, THE GERMAN PAINTER, AUGUSTE RENOIR, EMILE ZOLA, EDMOND MAITRE, FREDERIC BAZILLE AND CLAUDE MONET.

THE Arts Council Exhibition, "Manet and His Circle," opens at the Tate Gallery to-day, April 24. On this page we reproduce paintings by members of Manet's circle; on the facing one works by Manet, round whom the display is centred. The exhibition was made possible by the kindness of M. Germain Bazin, Keeper of Paintings and Drawings at the Louvre, who met the British experts' wishes in the choice of pictures lent from those under his charge. The collection was sent from France under the auspices of

(Continued below.)



"FEMMES AUX JARDIN"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), A PAINTING REPRESENTING THE LADIES OF BAZILLE'S FAMILY.



"A LA BOURSE" (THE STOCK EXCHANGE); A PORTRAIT OF M. R. MAY, BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), ON VIEW IN THE "MANET AND HIS CIRCLE" EXHIBITION.



"JEUNE FEMME AU BAL"; BY BERTHE MORISOT (1841-1895), A GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF FRAGONARD AND SISTER-IN-LAW OF EDOUARD MANET.



"LA FEMME A LA POTICHE" (THE WOMAN WITH THE CHINESE VASE); BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), SIGNED AND DATED 1872, ONE OF THE WORKS LENT BY THE LOUVRE.

Continued.
M. Philippe Erlanger, Directeur de l'Association Française d'Action Artistique, and his assistant, M. Gobin; and assistance has been given by M. René Varin, of the French Embassy. In addition to the Manets, which provide the most distinguished representation of his work ever seen in London, the French

authorities have sent major works by Manet's contemporaries. These, Sir Kenneth Clark points out in his introduction to the catalogue, were "painted more or less under the same impulses, and we derive from this a sense of the unity of the movement in those early years."

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Musée du Louvre.

ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT TATE GALLERY EXHIBITION:
EDOUARD MANET MASTERPIECES FROM THE LOUVRE.



"STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ" (1842-1898); BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883). A PORTRAIT OF THE SYMBOLIST POET, AGED THIRTY-SEVEN, IN THE EXHIBITION "MANET AND HIS CIRCLE."

"MANET and his Circle," the Arts Council Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, opens to-day, April 24. It consists of paintings lent by the Musée du Louvre, works from the National Gallery (given special permission to be shown at the Tate), paintings from the Tate's permanent collection, and three of the famous Manets from the Courtauld Collection, lent by the Home House Trustees and Christabel, Lady Aberconway. Sir Kenneth Clark explains in his

(Continued below.

(RIGHT.) "PORTRAIT OF GEORGES CLEMENCEAU" (1841-1929), THE FAMOUS FRENCH STATESMAN KNOWN AS "THE TIGER," PAINTED IN MIDDLE AGE BY MANET.



(ABOVE.) "Anguille et Rouget" (EEL AND RED MULLET), AN EXAMPLE OF MANET'S GENIUS AS THE PAINTER OF STILL LIFE; FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"CHRIST AUX ANGES," ONE OF THE RARE RELIGIOUS DRAWINGS BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883), FROM AN EXHIBITION WHICH REPRESENTS ALMOST ALL THE PHASES OF HIS ART.



"LOLA DE VALENCE," PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS OF MANET'S "SPANISH CANVASES," PAINTED IN 1862, AND LENT FOR THE TATE GALLERY EXHIBITION "MANET AND HIS CIRCLE."

Continued.] introduction to the catalogue that when it became known that the Jeu de Paume, that branch of the Louvre which houses the French Impressionists, was to be partially closed for redecoration, a request was made to the French Ambassador and M. Georges Salles, Director-General of the French Museums, that a selection of the paintings from the Jeu de Paume might be seen in England; and the authorities agreed. Although some of the most famous Manets, including *Olympe* and *Le Balcon* are in too delicate condition to travel, the exhibition represents Manet's work in almost all its phases.

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Musée du Louvre.



"MADAME MANET AT THE PIANO": A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF MANET'S PORTRAITURE ON VIEW IN THE MOST DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATION OF HIS ART EVER HELD IN LONDON. HE MADE A NUMBER OF PAINTINGS OF MADAME MANET.

THE EXPLOITS OF AN INTREPID DANE.

"VAGRANT VIKING. MY LIFE AND ADVENTURES"; By PETER FREUCHEN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE is a portrait on the jacket of Hr. Peter Freuchen's astounding autobiography which makes him look like the sort of grizzled old salt who, after a lifetime harrying whales in the Arctic or cod on the Newfoundland Banks, settles down in some seaside resort and asks if there are any more for the *Skylark*. Having come across works by him before, I was not misled. No man alive can have endured more hardships than he, or faced them with more resolution; and both the hardships and the resolution have left their furrows on his face. But he is no unlettered rolling-stone. Before he ever made his first journey to Greenland he was a graduate of Copenhagen University; and, after he had lost a leg through frostbite and found himself unable to scale the more perpendicular precipices or leap the wider crevasses, he found himself quite capable of writing novels and stories of adventure which have been published in many languages, of lecturing all over Europe and America, of writing "scripts" in Hollywood, and of helping to direct a film "on location" in Alaska. The film was called "Eskimo." He knew the Eskimos as well as any white man alive. But he was more sorrowful than surprised when he found that little notice was taken of the truthful panorama he had envisaged, and that the film company thought it best that his three leading Eskimo women should be impersonated by one Chinese girl (a sister of Anna May Wong) and two Japanese—one of whom was deterred with difficulty from using an excess of make-up—and whose basic qualification was that they had slanty eyes. It was a pity, thought Hr. Freuchen; but from the box-office point of view the company was doubtless right; cinema audiences would hardly be attracted by the sort of tough Eskimo women for whose qualities Hr. Freuchen has such an admiration.

It is really impossible, in this space, to give an adequate notion of the variety and scope of Freuchen's book.

He has gone as far as the Bering Straits both ways, and he has seldom travelled—except first-class on the Trans-Siberian Railway (where he wasn't allowed to mix with second-class passengers)—in great comfort. His first expedition was to Greenland with the brave and incompetent dreamer, Mylius-Erichsen. Valuable cargo-space was occupied by beer and champagne; no living-quarters had been thought of for the dogs, who lived on deck and were washed overboard; the emergency rations in the boats, when examined, were found to consist of nothing but mixed pickles; and Erichsen had decided that sledges should be made in Greenland, forgetting that there were no trees there. Erichsen, on a map-making expedition, paid with his life. But Freuchen had been bitten with the North. As soon as he returned home he questioned Dr. Cook's claim to have reached the Pole; and then he went off to Greenland again with the famous Knud Rasmussen. They established the extreme post which Freuchen ("Ultima Thule" in mind) christened Thule. There he established a trading-post and married an Eskimo wife. From that base he made expeditions. One of them was across the ice-cap and back, on a route more northerly than any former man had

taken, and in face of almost unbelievable difficulties.

That was the prelude of many long, heroic and often ghastly journeys, heroically persevered in, and modestly described, though Freuchen is as warm in his tributes to the pluck of other men and women as he is apparently unaware of his own. The end-paper maps (which would be better did they display fewer decorative ships, sleds, harpooners and dogs, and locate more of the places which are mentioned in the text) are covered with a very tangle of lines, thick, continuous, interrupted, and diversely dotted; indicating his travels by boat, 'plane, sledge, train, ski, steamer and caravan. The greatest journeys of all were in Canada and Siberia, where Hr. Freuchen appears to have behaved with an independence towards Soviet officials (only once did they arrest him) which few other men would have dared to exhibit, and of which he gives us one of the best pictures which have been presented to the West during the last forty years. His alert interest in every scene through which he passes, and every person he meets, would in itself prevent him from ever writing a dull page. But he has also a strong sense of humour, and a quick appreciation even of the farcical, which adds an extra rich weave to the texture of his story.

he is, he escaped.

As did not, ultimately, a man whom he had met at an international congress about polar research in Leningrad. "The great Fridtjof Nansen was a central figure at the congress, and I spent most of my time with him. He was accompanied by the man who had been his secretary for ten years—Vidkun Quisling, who was destined to get more world fame than all the other delegates put together. At that time he was an orthodox Communist and a difficult person to handle." Communist then; Nazi after; extremists at whichever end are



HR. PETER FREUCHEN, WHOSE AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Hr. Peter Freuchen was born on Feb. 20, 1886. He spent his childhood in his native Denmark, but at an early age was lured by the Far North, and while a student at Copenhagen-Enighed, for his first trip to Greenland. It was the first of many journeys all over the world; and Hr. Freuchen's first wife was an Eskimo girl. During World War II, he was a prominent member of the Danish underground movement. He is now living in the United States.

egoists who wish to make their presence felt.

Wherever he went, Freuchen's heart was always in the North, and especially with the Eskimos who, in spite of their standards divergent from ours have won the hearts of many men who have lived amongst them. Not long ago, Hr. Freuchen, now nearly seventy, revisited Thule once more. The last of the Eskimos were moving out. "Thule, in Northern Greenland, not far from the North Pole, has been turned into one of the world's major airports. . . . No longer does the ice-bear cross to Melville Bay, seals and walrus have left for happier hunting-grounds, and the wild geese are gone." The noise of the aeroplanes has driven them all away; even the birds who remain die in thousands because of the oil floating on the sea; there are "seven thousand American soldiers in

Thule." Only one way, says Hr. Freuchen, is open to the Eskimos. "They can move. They can go farther north and settle down once more. The cost of a move is nothing to the United States which built the enormous air base. And a move is no symbol of defeat to the Eskimos. They are used to it; for centuries they have followed the animals. Here in the extreme north they have been successful in their fight against the hardest climate in the world. They have proved their invincible strength by surviving centuries of isolation and by absorbing and digesting modern civilisation in the shortest space of time that has ever elapsed between the stone age and the air age." But it is surely unreasonable to expect them to adjust themselves entirely to our "Way of Life." Friends of Hr. Freuchen have asked him: "Do they have such sensitive nerves? Does the sound of the engines hurt their delicate ears? Perhaps the Eskimos will become used to it like the rest of us." But perhaps they will not: they obstinately refuse to adapt themselves to some aspects of Progress.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 680 of this issue.



COVERED WITH LINES, THICK, CONTINUOUS, INTERRUPTED, AND DIVERSELY DOTTED; INDICATING HIS TRAVELS BY BOAT, 'PLANE, SLEDGE, TRAIN AND SKI: A MAP SHOWING SOME OF PETER FREUCHEN'S JOURNEYS WHICH HE DESCRIBES IN HIS BOOK "VAGRANT VIKING." Map reproduced from the book "Vagrant Viking"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Victor Gollancz.

Before one reaches the end, one thinks: "Can one man have done and endured all this?" And then, suddenly, when Hitler's War overtakes the world, one finds him, who might well have rested on his laurels and his Danish farm, joining the perilous Danish resistance movement—and he grey-bearded, six-foot-three, and with a wooden leg at that. The beard he managed to discard; a simple process. The other marks of identity were not so easily got rid of. He was captured; he was tortured; and, being the man

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* "Vagrant Viking. My Life and Adventures." By Peter Freuchen. Translated from the Danish by Johan Hambro. Portrait and End-paper Maps. (Gollancz; 18s.)

THE QUEEN IN THE COCOS ISLANDS: SCENES DURING THE ROYAL VISIT.



A ROYAL PROGRESS IN THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING IN A *LAND ROVER*, WITH MR. AND MRS. JOHN CLUNIES-ROSS, ALONG HOME ISLAND'S "MAIN STREET" TO OCEANA HOUSE ON APRIL 5.



PERFORMING NATIVE DANCES FOR THE ROYAL VISITORS: WOMEN ISLANDERS DOING THE *MELENGGOK*, WHICH IS RESERVED FOR WEDDINGS AND IMPORTANT OCCASIONS.



A GIFT FROM THE ISLANDERS: THE QUEEN RECEIVING THREE CARVED MODEL SAILING-BOATS; THE TWO SMALLER ONES BEING FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Cocos-Keeling Islands on April 5, on their way from Australia to Ceylon, and spent ninety memorable and interesting minutes there. They left the *Gothic*, anchored two miles



WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS ATTENDED A GARDEN-PARTY: OCEANA HOUSE, BUILT, WITH BRICKS FROM SCOTLAND, FOR THE FIRST JOHN CLUNIES-ROSS IN 1827.



DURING THEIR NINETY-MINUTE VISIT TO THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THEIR HOSTS, MR. AND MRS. JOHN CLUNIES-ROSS, ON HOME ISLAND, ONE OF THE TWO MAIN INHABITED ISLANDS.

out in the Indian Ocean, and sailed by barge to Home Island, where they were welcomed by Mr. John Clunies-Ross, whose family were granted a perpetual lease of the islands by Queen Victoria, and his young wife, who comes from Lancashire. The islanders gathered along the "main street" of Home Island as the Queen and the Duke drove past in a *Land Rover* to the Clunies-Ross's home, a distance of 300 yards. Normally there are no motor vehicles on Home Island, and the *Land Rover* was flown in from West Island. In the grounds of Oceana House, where the first John Clunies-Ross settled in 1827, the Royal visitors saw native dances performed to the music of violins and *gendangs*. Before the Queen and the Duke left to return to the *Gothic* they inspected a copra shed and drying rack, and the Queen was presented with a large model Malayan boat and two smaller models for the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. A crowd of Islanders and cheering Europeans bade farewell to the Queen as the Royal barge left the jetty.

THE three Scandinavian countries have always taken a close interest in Finland and regarded that country, one might say, as a cousin. This is due to a variety of causes. The first is propinquity. Finland is one of the smaller Baltic States—small in population though large in territory. The important Swedish element in Finnish history, economics and culture, is a second. The Swedo-Finn influence is rather on the decline, as the result of a policy which to an outsider does not seem well advised, but it still remains strong. The third cause is democratic sentiment. Finland, like Sweden, is outside the N.A.T.O. defence system, but, unlike Sweden, has no arms industry of any importance. Her best home-made weapons are her mortars. Nor does Finland possess anything comparable in industrial background generally or in wealth. Her one great asset is her timber, her "green gold," though manufactures of various kinds have made relatively long strides in recent years. Moreover, by her peace treaty with Soviet Russia, Finland is limited to an Army of 34,000 men.

Service in the forces is based on conscription. The period is only eight months, and the men are called up in three contingents, one every four months. This system has the serious inconvenience that only one of the three can be said to get a fair share of both winter and summer training, the other two getting mainly training for a single type of warfare. The difference between winter and summer conditions are very wide in this country. The first point to bear in mind, however, is that, as the result of the two recent wars in Finland, the Russians have secured holdings which place the country at their mercy. Its capital, Helsinki, they could occupy without much difficulty in a matter of hours. It is therefore not to be wondered at that Finland is anxious to preserve neutrality in the event of war. She is incapable of waging war as she did fourteen years ago. Yet she may well still have the capacity to wage a guerrilla war in the forests which her officers know so thoroughly. Some day I hope to write of my impressions of this fascinating country. This article, like its predecessor, is, however, strategic, so I will pass on to Denmark, as I did in the flesh.

The spirit of Copenhagen is friendly, gay and volatile. The Danes are even less a military nation than their Scandinavian brothers of Norway. Their strategic situation is worse and the danger they have to face is graver. Relatively few Norwegians now ask whether N.A.T.O. is worth while, whereas a good many Danes continue to do so. The military reins of N.A.T.O. on the "Northern Flank" are lightly and deftly held by a British Commander-in-Chief, who persuades rather than drives. I feel sure this is the best policy with nations at once independent in spirit and sensitive, and Denmark is the more sensitive of the two. The Danes have always been fine seamen and have probably more aptitude for naval than for land, or—as yet—for air warfare. Their Navy is, however, very small and suitable only for what may be called coast-defence duties. The Army is weaker than the Norwegian. Like Norway, Denmark has made up her mind against "foreign bases." Neither country is urged to accept them. This attitude may be justified, but I doubt whether either Government fully recognises the disadvantages of occupying airfields at the last moment—or after it.

The standard period of conscription in Denmark is eighteen months. This would make it appear that the training is superior to that of Norway, but there are two considerations to take into account. In the first place, the training in Denmark is probably less rigorous. In the second, the Danes have not a comparable system of refresher training, an important element in the Norwegian forces. The human material is good, but so far neither the officers nor the type of discipline get all that should be got out of the rank and file. Some of the junior officers are promising. Higher up, rejuvenation is needed, though a little has already been carried out. It is curious how heavy a handicap lack of recent military tradition can be. Denmark is highly civilised, highly educated, highly intelligent; yet peoples lower in all three respects find it far easier to face military problems, because they are habituated to them. None the less, progress, if slow, is going on all the time.

From the maritime point of view Denmark blocks the entry to the Baltic. All shipping must pass through her straits, the Sound and the Great Belt. Zealand might be a stepping-stone to Sweden, which it almost touches at the point we called Elsinore. Copenhagen looks right into Malmö, the vast Swedish ship-building town, whose yards last year turned out the highest tonnage in the world. Yet air forces and armies can open the way for navies, and Denmark is

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE NORTHERN FLANK—II.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

in a cruelly vulnerable position with respect to both, especially the former. Fast aircraft could reach her cities and her airfields in a matter of minutes. No remedy for this state of affairs exists other than great defensive strength, above all in fighters, and the strength of N.A.T.O. all over this northern flank is notoriously not as great as is desirable. A very high proportion of the population of this little country lives in the crowded city of Copenhagen. Yes, Denmark may block the Baltic, but she is a weak block.

The land threat is less immediate but almost as pressing. Glance at the map of Europe. Imagine N.A.T.O.'s Central Europe command under heavy pressure in Germany and forced to give ground. The

defence the problem would not present itself in anything like so acute a form. I am not going to suggest anything so foolish as that Germany should be asked to arm to defend Denmark in war. If the Federal Republic rearms, its main reason for doing so will be to defend itself. Its own interests would, however, be powerfully served by covering the southern flank of Denmark because it would also be covering

Schleswig-Holstein, the Kiel Canal, Cuxhaven at the mouth of the Elbe, and other points which it would obviously desire to hold if possible. Supposing, as would almost certainly be the case, its land forces were recruited on a territorial basis, they would here be fighting for their homes. They would include a considerable number of Danes who are German citizens. This would involve two divergent lines of communication for the German land forces, but I do not suppose that German strategists would find any serious objection in that.

This consideration is of course in the mind of the Danish Government and its military advisers. That is why a Government of the Left is strongly in favour of E.D.C., and would even, I think, be in favour of an alternative such as the entry of Western Germany into N.A.T.O. if E.D.C. turned out to be impossible. The Danes are kindly and not censorious, but in all ranks and branches of society they express themselves forcibly about the doubts of France and her long delay in making up her official mind. I left Denmark on the day of the Juin incident and too soon to note reactions to it, but I feel sure that they were condemnatory of the Marshal. The Danes were overrun by the iniquitous action of Hitler and remained prisoners for the rest of the war in Europe. They have experienced occupation, though fortunate in having been under the German Foreign Ministry instead of Himmler's organisation. The Government has made up its mind that the risks of German rearmament and a possible revival of militarism are a secondary consideration. No one to whom I spoke on the subject expressed any other view.

The confidence of Norwegians and Danes in our country is deep and touching. In Denmark especially I heard hopes expressed that the United Kingdom would use all possible endeavours to prevent accidental explosions—I am not speaking of hydrogen bombs, but they are symbolical of much else. These people feel that British policy runs on smoother lines and is less subject to sudden swerves than that of the United States. They also feel that, though we are not in the outposts as they are, we are in the front line, and that therefore Whitehall ought to be able to understand better than Washington what this experience amounts to. It seems to me that we do understand the situation thoroughly. Trade and culture have long kept us in close contact with these two countries, but to-day political contact and sympathy appears to be closer than ever. I should add that American co-operation here has been altogether admirable and that there are no differences of opinion or policy where Scandinavia is concerned.

Let me note that this northern flank is of high importance to us, not only in our rôle as signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty, not only as regards our forces on the Continent, but in respect of the defence of our country and its communications. The German occupation of the Norwegian coast in the last great war strengthened the German U-boat campaign in the Atlantic. Norway was then more valuable to the Germans as a submarine base than as an air base; she would still be valuable to any hostile Power as a submarine base, but in another war the increased range and speed of aircraft would add to the value of Norway as an air base. We should make sure that our contribution to its defence is as strong as we can afford to make it. A collapse here

would have a grave effect upon our power to carry out operations farther afield, say in the Mediterranean and Middle East, as well as to supply and feed ourselves.

Finally, the northern flank is, so far as Norway, Denmark, Sweden and even Germany are concerned, all one. Its defence is connected, even though one nation remains outside N.A.T.O. and one is not yet armed. That defence hardly existed three years ago. It exists to-day, but it still remains below the minimum strength required to afford a good chance of security. The most that can be said is that it has improved and keeps on improving. Its weaknesses are in part psychological, but that kind of weakness would largely disappear if the material power were sensibly increased. I count myself a fairly close observer, but I must own that my month's tour has put the matter in a new light for me. I can only hope that I have succeeded in conveying something of its vital interest through the medium of these articles.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN WHEN SHE OPENED THE PARLIAMENT OF CEYLON: A RICHLY ORNAMENTED SEA-CHANK, USED AS A CASKET TO CONTAIN THE ADDRESS FROM THE SENATE.

When the Queen opened the Parliament of Ceylon in Colombo on April 12, the Address of Thanks from the Senate, delivered by Sir Oliver Goonetilleke as its leader, was handed to her Majesty in a beautiful sea-chank, embellished in sterling silver, and typifying the finest of Ceylon's ancient art. In olden times a chank had been used for ceremonial purification at the consecration of Sinhalese kings, the first of its kind to be used in Ceylon being one sent by Emperor Asoka of India for the Coronation of King Devanampiyatissa in 305 B.C.



THE LAST OF THE KANDYAN KINGS: A PORTRAIT OF SRI WICKREME RAJA SINGHE (1798-1815).

From Wijayo in 543 B.C., to Sri Wickreme, who fell in A.D. 1815, Ceylon had never been without a king, there being 165 known monarchs in all. After his capture by the British, Sri Wickreme was not brought to justice as a murderer but was deported to India.



THE LOVELY WIFE OF A TYRANNICAL KING: VENKATA RAMAGAMAL DEVI, THE QUEEN OF SRI WICKREME RAJA SINGHE, KING OF KANDY (1798-1815).

The arrangement made for Queen Elizabeth to watch the Royal Perehara (procession) from the Octagon of the Kandy Temple on April 18 is of great historic interest, for no other Queen had done so since Ceylon came under British rule in 1815.

Even were it driven back no farther than the Ems—let us say no farther than the Elbe at Hamburg—Schleswig Holstein and the Danish frontier would lie completely open. Denmark's own minute land forces could not resist if any considerable hostile strength were directed against her. Land reinforcements from outside might not be available, and certainly would not be available in appreciable strength in such circumstances. Let us not forget the fate of forces hastily sent to Calais and Boulogne when the Germans were approaching the Channel in 1940. Thus the northern flank, of which I am writing, has itself a highly vulnerable southern flank. This is indeed a disquieting situation.

Yet it is one which could be remedied and ought to have been a long time ago. Were the German Federal Republic allowed to provide for its own

EAST AND WEST MEET IN ROYAL PAGEANTRY: THE QUEEN OPENS THE CEYLON PARLIAMENT.



(TOP, LEFT.) GREETED BY THE PRIME MINISTER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE AND THE SPEAKER: THE QUEEN ARRIVING TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.

(TOP, RIGHT.) AFTER THE STATE OPENING: THE QUEEN, IN HER CORONATION DRESS, WALKING WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRECEDED BY THE PRIME MINISTER.

(LOWER PHOTOGRAPH.) SHOWING THE ELABORATE DECORATIONS OF THE INDEPENDENCE MEMORIAL HALL, COLOMBO, CONSTRUCTED WITH OPEN SIDES, IN WHICH THE CEREMONY WAS HELD: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE PROCEEDING TOWARDS THEIR EBONY THRONES WITH, WALKING BEFORE THEM, THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR JOHN KOTALAWARA.

On April 10 the Queen stepped ashore in her kingdom of Lanka, the ancient name of Ceylon, to the sound of bo'sun's pipes, the wail of conches and the throbbing of drums. An arresting combination of Eastern and Western pageantry and symbolic ceremonial characterised the events of her Majesty's visit. The State opening of the third session of Ceylon's second Parliament took place on April 12. On our front page we show the Queen and the

Duke of Edinburgh on their ebony thrones in the Independence Memorial Hall, Colombo, where the ceremony was held; and on this we give photographs of the Royal arrival, and of her Majesty and the Duke passing through the hall, which is constructed with open sides; and was decorated with material in brilliant colours arranged in a kind of Kandyan ruching called *ralipalan* work.



(ABOVE.)
THE GREAT RESER-
VOIR OF KING
PARAKRAMA AT
POLONNARUWA—
RECENTLY RE-
STORED AND NOW
CALLED THE PARA-
KRAMA SEA; WITH
THE REST-
HOUSE WHERE THE
QUEEN SPENT
THE NIGHT OF
APRIL 14-15 (R)

THE KING'S PALACE—ONCE SEVEN STORIES HIGH—AT POLONNARUWA. FROM THIS VANTAGE
POINT THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WATCHED A GREAT DISPLAY OF SINHALESE DANCES.



THE GREAT HERO KING OF MEDIEVAL LANKA: THE COLOSSAL ROCK STATUE OF KING
PARAKRAMA BAHU I, THE BUILDER AND GLORIFIER OF THE CITY OF POLONNARUWA.

WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF LANKA, SAW THE RUINS OF THE CAPITAL OF PARAKRAMA,

On April 14 the course of the Royal Tour brought the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to one of the ancient capitals of Ceylon—Polonnaruwa. This vast city, which covers something like the area of London, although much more dispersedly, reached the height of its richness and prosperity in the reign of the great mediæval King, Parakrama Bahu I, who was crowned King of Lanka in 1155, A.D. Its prosperity

lasted only about 100 years and ended with the breaching of the bund of its great reservoir by Tamil invaders, and the desertion of the city which followed. The ruins have only been uncovered in the last century, and until very recent years the district was hazardous with malaria and rogue elephants. But now, under the spur of independence, Polonnaruwa is being restored to fertility. The bunds and channels



THE QUEEN AT POLONNARUWA, VISITING THE RUINS OF THE GAL VIHARE, SCENE OF THE GREAT
ROCK-CUT STATUES, ACCOMPANIED BY DR. PARANAVITANA, THE ARCHEOLOGICAL COMMISSIONER OF CEYLON.



THE SEATED BUDDHA OF THE GAL VIHARE SHRINE AT POLONNARUWA. IT IS CARVED IN A SINGLE
PIECE FROM THE SOLID ROCK, AND IS NOT FAR FROM THE RECLINING BUDDHA.



ANANDA, THE SORROWING DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA: A ROCK STATUE, 26 FT. HIGH, WHICH STANDS BESIDE
THE EVEN HUGER RECLINING BUDDHA, WHICH CAN BE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.

LANKA'S GREATEST MEDIÆVAL KING: THE VAST REMAINS AND GIANT STATUES OF POLONNARUWA.

of King Parakrama's reservoir have been restored and its size increased, and it is now known as the Parakrama Sea. Some 18,000 acres of rice paddy are under cultivation and there are great areas of allotments and gardens for the thousands of families who are again bringing Polonnaruwa to life. During their visit the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw great crowds of dancers from a point of vantage at the



A BUDDHIST SHRINE AT POLONNARUWA. THE WATE DAGE, OR ROUND HOUSE, WITH A SEATED
BUDDHA STATUE, BEFORE WHICH FLOWERS HAVE BEEN SCATTERED BY A WORSHIPPER.



THE HEAD OF THE RECLINING BUDDHA OF POLONNARUWA, WHICH THE QUEEN SAW ON APRIL 14.
THIS NOBLE STATUE, CARVED OUT OF THE LIVING ROCK, IS 46 FT. LONG.

foot of the ruins of the mediæval king's pavilion; inspected the new irrigation scheme; visited the huge rock statue which is accepted as the portrait of the great King Parakrama himself; and in the cool of the evening paid a visit to the remains of that old Buddhist monastery which is flanked by the great rock carvings of the sleeping Buddha and his faithful disciple. They did not, however, enter the shrine.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

TWO EARLY-FLOWERING SHRUBS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

TWO most attractive shrubs are in full flower here just now—early April. Both are yellow, but not, I am glad to say, in the somewhat overpowering gold-standard manner of the forsythias and the daffodils. Splendid and welcome though the forsythias and the daffodils are, their spring pageant is so easily achieved, and so telling, that it is apt to be overdone in many gardens. Flowers of a softer tone of yellow come, therefore, as a pleasant relief at this time of year, and my two shrubs, *Stachyurus præcox* and *Corylopsis pauciflora*, are particularly good in this respect.

The *Stachyurus* I met at an R.H.S. Spring Show and, having met it there each spring for a number of years, I finally fell for it three years ago. Apart from those encounters at the R.H.S., I have never seen *Stachyurus* anywhere else. It must therefore be relatively rare in gardens—which is a pity. It is a shrub of great charm and many virtues. It is absolutely reliably hardy and apparently quite easy to grow. I planted my youngster in a bed of very stony soil, in which there is quite as much broken limestone rock as there is loam. There, in three years, it has trebled in size, and is now between 3 and 4 ft. high. It is now flowering for the first time. The flowers are carried in what any pleasantly uninstructed person would call catkins, but which officially, or botanically, are called racemes. Superficially, and seen from a little distance, these racemes look rather like the yellow lambs'-tail catkins that dangle from hazel and cobnut bushes. But at close quarters they are very different. They are composed of small, yellow, bell-shaped flowers, each about a third of an inch across. There are anything from a dozen to twenty of these little bells, spaced out upon a 2- to 3-in. raceme.

In one respect they are very distinct from hazel catkins, which are flexible, and swing and waggle in a breeze exactly as real lambs' tails swing and waggle at mealtimes. In *Stachyurus* the lambs'-tail catkins are quite rigid. They give the appearance of dangling down from their twigs, but in reality they project stiffly down. Gather a flowering twig and hold it catkins hanging straight down. Then turn it on its side and the catkins will be standing out horizontally. It's most odd. *Stachyurus* is delightful for gathering for the house, but in view of this queer trick of rigid catkins, it is important to arrange the branches in water at exactly the angle at which they grew. Otherwise you will have catkins standing out horizontally from their stems in a hideously unnatural attitude. The individual flowers of *Stachyurus* are square-shouldered-bell-shaped without any outward flare at the base or mouth. Their colour is a soft, creamy yellow, with a faint wash of green in it. A subtle, and, to me at any rate, most pleasing colour. *Stachyurus præcox* is a native of Japan, and in this country grows to a height of 4 or 5 ft. In mild winters it sometimes flowers as early as mid-February, but mid-March to April is more usual. To all good gardeners who like plants which are beautiful in a quiet sort of way, and which are a little out of the ordinary run of good things which one meets everywhere,

I strongly recommend *Stachyurus præcox*, but it is not a shrub that you will find in every nursery in the land, as you would find *Forsythia suspensa*. But I know, at any rate, two or three leading shrub nurserymen who stock and catalogue it.

The other early yellow-flowered shrub which is flowering here now—it is practically over—is *Corylopsis pauciflora*. This, like *Stachyurus*, is a native of Japan. A much-branched shrub up to 4, 5 or even 6 ft. high, its many very slender twigs are bestrung with myriads of charming primrose-yellow blossoms, each about three-quarters of an inch across, and carried in twos and threes. It is reported to be not quite reliably hardy, and may

gambling with in gardens as cold and exposed as this one, 500 ft. up in the North Cotswolds. It is a delightful shrub for picking.

For many years, when I lived and gardened at Stevenage, I grew, ate and enjoyed a vegetable which was sent to me—as seed—labelled "small vegetable marrow," from the Argentine. I then had no idea what its habit of growth was, nor what its qualities were for the table. We raised it and planted it out exactly as one would plant ordinary vegetable marrows, and soon discovered that its habit was that of a bush marrow. This was rather a comfort, for we did not want to have a strange vegetable of unknown value running around over yards and yards of ground like ordinary marrow plants.

The plants fruited very freely, and the "marrows," which were more like some small American squash, were green skinned and orange fleshed. They ranged from the size of grapefruits to extra large grapefruits. Their flesh was fine grained and buttery, and cooked and eaten like ordinary marrows they were far superior to those rather dull vegetables. But I hit upon a way with them which at once converted them into a real delicacy. This method was to cut them in half, round the equator, so to speak, and then, having spooned out the pips and loose fibre, boil or steam them lightly. Ten minutes' boiling is ample. Then serve and eat them cold, like Avocado pears. That is, make a salad dressing, oil, vinegar, a little sugar, cream, salt, pepper and a dash of paprika, and pour a generous helping of this into each upturned half. Eat with a spoon. I found that these little Argentine "marrows" made an excellent substitute for Avocado pear, and so for want of a better name I christened them "Avocadella." And as "Avocadellas" they were distributed—as seed—from Six Hills Nursery. They proved extremely popular. "Avocadellas" cooked and served in this way make a delicious and attractive *hors d'œuvre*. They are best, by the by, if they are "dressed" several hours before being eaten. All that happened a good many years ago, and since then I have been informed that the Argentine name for what I named "Avocadella" is *Zapallito de Tronco*. I have read that another way with this little marrow is to have it cold with "fillings of cooked peas, shredded lettuce, sliced beans, and mayonnaise sauce." I think I would prefer them without the mixed vegetable filling, and with the mayonnaise sauce alone, made on the thin side.

For six or seven years, for some reason unknown, I have not grown any "Avocadellas," though, greatly to my surprise, I found the remains of "Avocadella" plants in this garden when I migrated

here in the autumn of 1946. However, I have a packet of the seed waiting to be sown in a few weeks' time. I seem to remember writing about "Avocadellas" in one of these articles some time ago. But I make no apology for telling of them again. This instalment is almost certain to reach at least some folk who did not read my former article, and if only one reader is led to the delights of a delicious vegetable that is new to him, the repetition will surely be justified.



"THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS OF *STACHYURUS* [*PRÆCOX*] ARE SQUARE-SHOULDERED-BELL-SHAPED WITHOUT ANY OUTWARD FLARE AT THE BASE OR MOUTH. THEIR COLOUR IS A SOFT, CREAMY YELLOW, WITH A FAINT WASH OF GREEN IN IT. A SUBTLE, AND, TO ME AT ANY RATE, MOST PLEASING COLOUR." [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]



"A MUCH-BRANCHED SHRUB UP TO 4, 5 OR EVEN 6 FT. HIGH, ITS MANY VERY SLENDER TWIGS ARE BESTRUNG WITH MYRIADS OF CHARMING PRIMROSE-YELLOW BLOSSOMS, EACH ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN INCH ACROSS, AND CARRIED IN TWOS AND THREES." ANOTHER EARLY YELLOW-FLOWERING JAPANESE SHRUB, *CORYLOPSIS PAUCIFLORA*.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

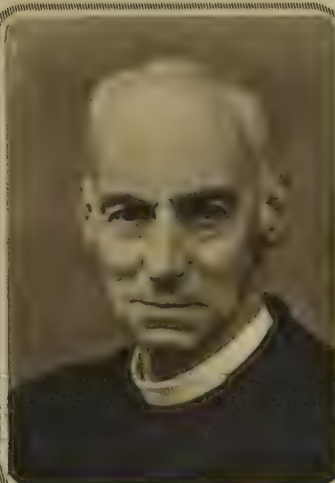
perish in exceptionally severe cold. That being so, the recently-planted specimen here might have been expected to be killed during this last, really cold winter. Not a bit of it. Little *Corylopsis pauciflora*, less than 2 ft. tall, has not suffered the slightest harm, and has flowered like a mad thing. Bean says of it: "For the milder parts of the kingdom no more delightful March-flowering shrub could be chosen." I entirely agree, and would add that it is well worth

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A GALLANT PRISONER OF WAR:
FUSILIER D. G. KINNE, G.C.

The award of the George Cross to Fusilier Derek Godfrey Kinne, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, has been made in recognition of his gallant and distinguished services while a prisoner of war in Korea. Fusilier Kinne, who was captured in April 1951, escaped twice and was tortured by the Chinese on being recaptured. By his contempt for his captors and their brutal behaviour, and his utter disregard for the severe treatment meted out to him, he helped to raise the morale of his fellow-prisoners.



NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER:
DR. W. M. ASKWITH, BISHOP OF
'BLACKBURN.'

The Queen has nominated the Right Rev. W. M. Askwith, Bishop of Blackburn, for election by the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester as Bishop of Gloucester in succession to the Right Rev. C. S. Woodward, who has resigned. Dr. Askwith was vicar and rural dean of Leeds from 1939 to 1942.



NOMINATED BISHOP OF ST. EDMUNDSBURY AND IPSWICH: THE
RIGHT REV. A. H. MORRIS.

The Queen has nominated the Right Rev. A. H. Morris, Bishop Suffragan of Pontefract, Archdeacon of Pontefract and Canon of St. Chad in Wakefield Cathedral, for election by the Chapter of St. Edmundsbury as Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich in succession to the Right Rev. R. Brook.



POSTHUMOUSLY AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS:
LIEUTENANT TERENCE WATERS.

Lieutenant Terence Edward Waters, The West Yorkshire Regiment (The Prince of Wales's Own), attached to the Gloucester Regiment, has been awarded the G.C. posthumously for gallant conduct in the face of great hardships while a prisoner of war in Korea. When taken prisoner in April 1951 Lieutenant Waters, who was badly wounded, refused offers of better treatment if he would join in propaganda activities against his own side, and died aware that the task of maintaining British prestige was vested in him.



DIED ON APRIL 10:
M. AUGUSTE LUMIÈRE.

M. Auguste Lumière, who was ninety-one, was, with his brother Louis, who died in 1948, responsible for the perfection and development of cinematography. He was also known for his research into the cause and treatment of cancer and tuberculosis, and was responsible for the employment of sodium persulphate in the treatment of tetanus.



KILLED ON APRIL 12: PRINCE
NICHOLAS OF YUGOSLAVIA.

Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, aged twenty-five, who was a nephew of the Duchess of Kent, was killed when his car skidded and crashed into a ditch full of water at Ditton Corner, near Datchet, Bucks. Prince Nicholas was the second son of Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia, 1934-41, and Princess Olga of Greece.



U.S. ATOMIC SCIENTIST SUSPENDED:
DR. J. R. OPPENHEIMER.

The United States Atomic Energy Commission revealed on April 13 that Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who was in charge of the construction of the first atom bomb, has been denied access to all secret atomic information pending an investigation into his past. He is accused of delaying the development of the hydrogen bomb.



DIED ON APRIL 13:
MR. ANGUS MACDONALD.

The Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, O.C., three times Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and one of the most prominent statesmen in Canada, was sixty-three. He first became Prime Minister in 1933 and was re-elected for the third time last May. From 1940 to 1945 Mr. Macdonald was Canadian Minister of National Defence for Naval Affairs.



KILLED IN COMET DISASTER:
CAPTAIN J. A. COLLINGS.

Captain J. A. Collings, who was killed in the Comet air disaster on April 8, was a well-known horseman. He was the official trainer of the British Olympic three-day team at Helsinki in 1952 and won the three-day event at Badminton in 1950. He had been re-appointed trainer of the British team for the 1956 Olympic Games.



DIED ON APRIL 10: SIR THOMAS
RUSSELL.

Sir Thomas Wentworth Russell, well known in the Middle East as Russell Pasha, was seventy-four. From 1902 until 1946, when he retired, Russell Pasha served successive Egyptian Governments in the Police. His achievements as Director of the Egyptian Government Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau and Commandant of the Cairo City Police won him an international reputation.



SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR: MR. GORDON PIRIE, THE FAMOUS RUNNER,
AND MISS PAT SMYTHE, THE WELL-KNOWN SHOW-JUMPER.

Mr. Gordon Pirie, the famous British runner, and Miss Pat Smythe, whose achievements in the show-jumping ring are now legendary, were each presented with a trophy on April 12, awarded by the *Sporting Record* to the best sportsman and sportswoman of the year.



TO BE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF
CEYLON: SIR O. GOONETILLEKE.

It is reported that Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, at present Minister of Finance in the Ceylon Government, is to be Governor-General of Ceylon in succession to Lord Soulbury. Sir Oliver, who will be the first Ceylonese Governor-General, was High Commissioner for Ceylon in London, 1948-1951, and Minister of Home Affairs and Rural Development, 1951-1953.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE EMBARK IN BRITANNIA TO MEET THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT TOBRUK: THE HEIR APPARENT AND HIS SISTER LEAVE IN THE ROYAL YACHT.

The maiden voyage of the Royal yacht *Britannia* would, under any circumstances, have been an historic occasion; but the fact that she is carrying the Heir Apparent, H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall, and his sister, H.R.H. Princess Anne, on their first voyage, a 2500-mile journey which is to end in a Royal family reunion with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Tobruk on May 1, has invested the occasion

with a warm glow of romance and family tenderness in which the whole nation feels it can partake. H.M. the Queen Mother and H.R.H. Princess Margaret travelled by train to Portsmouth on April 14 with the Royal children; and were received at the decorated station by the Lord Mayor and Admiral Sir John Edleston, the Commander-in-Chief. The Royal party then drove through streets

lined with enthusiastic crowds, among whom were many children, and from the main gate of the dockyard to the Pitch House, Jetty, at which *Britannia* was lying, their route was lined by sailors. On the Jetty Admiral Sir John Edleston and the Lord Mayor took leave of the young travellers, and the Royal party was escorted towards *Britannia* by Captain J. S. Dalglish, her commanding officer.

The Queen Mother came first, leading Princess Anne by the hand, followed by Princess Margaret with the Duke of Cornwall, and as they came aboard the Queen Mother's standard was broken in the yacht and flew there until she left, just before five o'clock, after she and Princess Margaret had had tea with the children in the Royal apartments. The two Royal ladies then watched the yacht leave the Jetty.



(ABOVE.) *BRITANNIA* LEAVES PORTSMOUTH FOR TOBRUK WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE ON BOARD: THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING *VANGUARD*, DRESSED OVERALL, WITH NELSON'S *VICTORY* IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE ROYAL FAREWELL AT PORTSMOUTH: THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET SEE *BRITANNIA* LEAVE WITH THE ROYAL CHILDREN ON BOARD.

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret stood on the jetty and waved godspeed to the Royal

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) THE ROYAL FAREWELL TO THE ROYAL CHILDREN: PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE QUEEN MOTHER WAVING AS *BRITANNIA* LEAVES THE JETTY ON APRIL 14.



[Continued.] yacht *Britannia* as she left Portsmouth at five o'clock on April 14 with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne on board, on her maiden voyage to Tobruk, to meet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on May 1. Her Majesty the Queen Mother and her Royal Highness had said good-bye to the children before they left the yacht after tea. As *Britannia* gathered way, escorted by tugs, she passed close by the battleship *Vanguard* which, like other warships in the harbour, was dressed overall in honour of the occasion. The figures of the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, with their waving handkerchiefs, could be seen for some time, while the skirl of the pipes played by a Scottish piper placed below the bridge came ever fainter across the water. The Queen Mother's personal standard, which had flown from *Britannia's* mainmast while her Majesty was on board, was struck as she left the yacht; and a White Ensign run up in its place. *Britannia* is commanded by Captain J. S. Dalglish on the outward voyage, and he will later hand over to Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith. The frigate *Portchester Castle* escorted *Britannia* from Spithead to Portland and from there to Tobruk she is being escorted by the frigate *Loch Alvie*. She anchored in Weymouth Bay on the night of April 14, and it was understood that compass adjustments and final trials were to be carried out on April 15 before going on to the Mediterranean. During the voyage the Duke of Cornwall is continuing his daily lessons from his governess, Miss Catherine Peebles. Miss Helen Lightbody, the children's nurse, and her assistant, Miss Mabel Anderson, are in charge of them during the expedition.



(1) THE SCENE AT SYDNEY AIRPORT AS THE CROWD TRIED TO STORM THE GANGWAY WHEN MRS. PETROV WAS BEING TAKEN BY RUSSIAN COURIERS INTO THE AIRCRAFT. (2) MR. JARKOV AND (3) MR. KARPINSKY, THE TWO COURIERS. (4) MR. VLADIMIR PETROV, THE RUSSIAN THIRD SECRETARY AT CANBERRA, WHO SOUGHT ASYLUM. (5) MRS. PETROV BEING ESCORTED TO THE AIRCRAFT AT SYDNEY BY RUSSIANS.

THE PETROV AFFAIR IN AUSTRALIA: THE RUSSIAN THIRD SECRETARY JOINED BY HIS WIFE AS A POLITICAL REFUGEE.

On April 13 Mr. Menzies, the Australian Premier, announced that Mr. Vladimir Petrov, the Third Secretary at the Russian Embassy in Canberra, had sought and been given political asylum in Australia; and that he had stated: "I no longer believe in Communism since I have seen the Australian way of living." He is understood to have supplied security officers with information which is believed to implicate many Soviet agents in Australia and to have been himself the M.V.D. (secret police) representative in Canberra. On April 14 Mrs. Petrov, speaking at the Embassy in the presence of the Ambassador, said: "My husband

was kidnapped." The Russian authorities made arrangements for Mrs. Petrov's return to Moscow by air; and on April 19 she was brought to Sydney with a Russian escort and, accompanied by two couriers and the Second Secretary, boarded a *Constellation* airliner. A large crowd protested at her departure and it is claimed that she said in Russian, "I don't want to go." At Darwin Mr. Leydin, Administrator of the Northern Territories, spoke with her; and there was a scuffle with her couriers; Mrs. Petrov spoke by telephone with her husband and then announced that she too wanted to seek asylum in Australia.

ROYAL BEREAVEMENTS, AND THE SEARCH FOR CLUES TO THE COMET CRASH.



CROWN PRINCESS MÄRTHA'S LAST JOURNEY FROM HER HOME AT SKAUGUM TO THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL CASTLE IN OSLO: THE COFFIN AT SKAUGUM.

The body of Crown Princess Märtha of Norway was taken from the Crown Prince's estate at Skaugum, in Asker, to the Palace chapel in the Royal Castle in Oslo on April 12. The funeral service was to be held in Oslo Cathedral on April 21. Before the departure from Skaugum, members of the Royal family and staff



ATTENDED BY FAMILY MOURNERS AND STAFF: A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR CROWN PRINCESS MÄRTHA AT THE LITTLE CHURCH ON THE CROWN PRINCE'S ESTATE AT SKAUGUM, IN ASKER. attended a memorial service in the little church. Our photograph shows in the front pew (l. to r.): King Haakon; Princess Ingeborg of Sweden; Crown Prince Olaf; Prince Harald; Princess Ragnhild (Mrs. Lorentzen); Princess Astrid and other members of the Royal family.



EXAMINING WRECKAGE FROM THE CRASHED COMET: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE ITALIAN CORVETTE IBIS, WHICH TOOK PART IN THE SEARCH AND RETURNED TO NAPLES WITH MAIL, CLOTHING AND OTHER ITEMS. On April 11 Admiral Earl Mountbatten, C-in-C. Mediterranean, called off the search for the victims and wreckage of the B.O.A.C. Comet which crashed in the Mediterranean on April 8 with the loss of twenty-one lives. During one of the most widespread air-sea searches ever undertaken, the five bodies recovered were landed by the aircraft-carrier Eagle, which is shown on another page. On April 11 the Italian corvette Ibis returned to Naples with mail, clothing and other items from the Comet. It was thought unlikely that much further wreckage would be found, as there were more than 500 fathoms of water where the bodies were picked up. Special tests are expected to be carried out on the B.O.A.C. Comet G-ALYU, which was flown from London Airport to Hatfield on April 10. The man most likely to carry out these tests is Group Captain John Cunningham, chief test pilot of the De Havilland Company and the first man to fly a Comet.



CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE DE HAVILLAND COMPANY WHICH MAKE THE COMETS: GROUP CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM, WITH HIS MOTHER.



SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH PRINCE NICHOLAS OF YUGOSLAVIA DIED: DITTON CORNER, NEAR DATCHET, SHOWING THE TYRE MARKS ON THE ROAD.



AFTER THE FATAL ACCIDENT: POLICE AND OTHERS EXAMINING THE SPORTS CAR WHICH PRINCE NICHOLAS WAS DRIVING WHEN IT OVERTURNED, PINNING HIM INTO A DITCH.

Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, the twenty-five-year-old son of Princess Olga of Greece, elder sister of the Duchess of Kent, and of Prince Paul, former Regent of Yugoslavia, was killed early on April 12 when he was trapped in his sports car, which overturned after a skid into a ditch full of water at Ditton Corner, near Datchet, in Buckinghamshire.

EMPLOYED IN THE SEARCH FOR THE CRASHED COMET: H.M.S. EAGLE AT SEA.



NOT A MAJOR DISASTER BUT SEA HAWK AIRCRAFT ABOARD H.M. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER EAGLE SIMULTANEOUSLY FIRING THEIR STARTER CARTRIDGES DURING AN EXERCISE.



TURNING INTO THE WIND IN A SWIRL OF FOAM TO LAND AN AIRCRAFT RETURNING FROM A SEARCH FOR THE CRASHED COMET: H.M.S. EAGLE.

On April 8 a B.O.A.C. Comet jet airliner G-ALYY, operated by South African Airways, crashed in the sea north-east of Stromboli shortly after taking off from Rome airport. Among the ships of the Royal Navy which took part in the search for survivors and wreckage was the Mediterranean Fleet aircraft-carrier *Eagle*. The airliner was flying from Rome to Cairo and had twenty-one people, including the crew, on board. There were no survivors, but five bodies were recovered and brought to Naples in *Eagle*. On April 11 the search for the victims and wreckage was called off. Shortly after the disaster Sir Miles Thomas, chairman

of B.O.A.C., ordered the suspension of all B.O.A.C. Comet services throughout the world pending further information and, on April 12, Mr. Profumo, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, announced in the House of Commons that a public inquiry would be held into the loss of Comet G-ALYY as well as into the loss of the Comet airliner off Elba on January 10. Our photographs show aircraft aboard the aircraft-carrier *Eagle* during a recent exercise and the great ship turning into the wind to enable a pilot who had been searching for wreckage of the Comet to land on the flight-deck.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A LEEDS OCCASION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

which first paid tribute to Phil May. You may say that civic patriotism is always suspect; nevertheless it is due to a few farsighted locals who formed themselves into a Phil May Memorial Committee in 1909 that the City owns a representative selection of his work. The British Museum did not possess a single one of his drawings till 1920.

Apart from these and other acquisitions of the past year—among them something Leeds obviously had to possess, *viz.*, a Chippendale writing-table, for Chippendale was born a few miles away, and up till now the Gallery had owned nothing certainly from his workshop—the place invariably provides a few

who entered Rembrandt's studio at the age of seventeen in 1644, and in that same year painted a highly accomplished portrait of himself which belongs to the Boymans Museum at Rotterdam, and was seen in London a year ago at the Matthiesen Gallery. It is this known self-portrait which appears to provide convincing evidence as to the painter of the Panshanger picture. I mention this, not because I imagine that the average visitor to this great house will greatly care who painted this or any other picture, but to remind you that there are fine things elsewhere than in London if you know where to look for them, and that in Leeds a lively and skilful direction, backed by an enthusiastic sub-committee of the City Council, sees to it that you and I, when business or pleasure takes us to Yorkshire, not only have splendid things to look at, but a problem or two upon which to exercise our wits.

The sixty-four etchings by Rembrandt, which are to be seen, not at Temple Newsam but at the Art Gallery in the centre of the city, were gathered together by Mr. Lupton between 1947 and 1952, and are by general consent as fine in quality as any which have enriched the nation in recent years—to be compared with the collection bequeathed by Mr. P. M. Turner to Norwich, by Sir D. Y. Cameron to Edinburgh, by Sir J. D. McCallum to Glasgow, or by Mr. H. L. Farrer to the National Art Collections Fund, whence they passed to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. As an etcher, Rembrandt remains incomparable; what is difficult is to find examples which have not been produced from a worn plate, for it is obvious that the first ten or twenty to have been printed will be the best—the later the impression, the weaker the result. It is no small achievement to have acquired in the short space of five years as many as

sixty-four of high quality out of the 300 recorded. The paintings and drawings are naturally the things which attract most attention, but dispersed throughout the many rooms are several pieces of furniture which, if not extraordinary, would be notable additions to any gallery. The Chippendale writing-table has already been mentioned as having been purchased by the Corporation. The Lupton bequest includes also a typical William Kent side-table and a singularly fine eighteenth-century oval



THE warm brick of Temple Newsam, the sweep of that noble park, the delicate yellow and vivid green of the daffodils on a grassy bank, made sunshine unnecessary. Besides, as I learnt from a neighbour among the decorous congregation listening to my Lord Mayor opening the exhibition, Oxford had just won the Boat Race. What more could be hoped for in a single day? But fate was determined to be kind, displaying among other acquisitions of the year a selection from the Lupton Bequest to the Leeds Gallery—furniture and ceramics, pictures and drawings, Rembrandt etchings. The drawings number nearly 250; and in themselves illustrate the whole English school from the seventeenth century onwards; they include a Blake, fifteen by Francis Towne, eleven by Alexander Cozens, seventeen by his son, J. R., three by Thomas Girtin (a marvellous one of Ripon Minster), some typical Gainsboroughs—and so down to Wilson Steer—the nearest in spirit to Gainsborough of our time—who was a close friend of the late Norman Lupton and his sister Agnes, to whom Leeds owes this splendid bequest. Moreover, there were one or two unexpected gems, the most enchanting of them the Corot landscape of Fig. 3, quite small, only 10 ins. by 13½ ins., and painted about 1835—Corot was born in 1796—which will help us all to remember that this admirable painter and sterling character—he really must have been the most simple and lovable of men—was infinitely more subtle than the popular preference for his later formula of feathering trees over a pond, plus a nymph or two, would have us believe.

For those who find this type of Corot too quiet—to me it is the real Corot as compared with the commercial Corot—I illustrate a Rowlandson drawing (Fig. 1) by way of contrast, though not to be mentioned in the same breath; agreeable social satire, wonderful feeling for movement of men, women and animals, roly-poly trees and the soundest knowledge of relative values. Rowlandson is so naturally buoyant and light-hearted that it is only within the past thirty years or so that people have begun to see what a fine



FIG. 1. "THE TOXOPHILITES"; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827).
"Rowlandson is so naturally buoyant and light-hearted that it is only within the past thirty years or so that people have begun to see what a fine draughtsman he was; for a century or so they thought of him as mainly a funny man. . . ."

Illustrations from the Agnes and Norman Lupton Bequest; by Courtesy of the Leeds Museum.

surprises, ranging from a change of attribution as a result of recent research, or the loan of exciting pictures from private collections. Of the former, the well-known portrait of the 3rd Lord Irwin with gun and dog in a landscape was always labelled as a Francis Barlow; documentary evidence from the family papers now proves it to be by Leonard Knyff (1650-1722), a Dutchman who became naturalised in 1694. He seems to have been both painter and dealer, and one wonders how many pictures by him remain unrecognised or masquerade under the names



FIG. 2. "FONTHILL ABBEY"; BY JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851).
(Watercolour; 11½ by 17½ ins.)

In the article on this page Frank Davis discusses the current exhibition at Temple Newsam, "which includes among other acquisitions of the year a selection from the Lupton Bequest to the Leeds Gallery—furniture and ceramics, pictures and drawings. . . . The drawings number nearly 250; and in themselves illustrate the whole English school from the seventeenth century onwards. . . ."

draughtsman he was; for a century or so they thought of him as mainly a funny man; just as fifty years ago Phil May was regarded as a caricaturist and nothing more, unless Bohemian oddity can be considered a genuine title to fame. I mention Rowlandson and Phil May together of set purpose; they have much in common though the latter is excessively urban while the former betrays a genuine feeling for the countryside—anyway, they were both gifted as draughtsmen far beyond the ordinary, and it is Leeds, where he was born, and not London, where he worked,

of Siberechts or Wootton or Barlow. The loans include two paintings from Panshanger belonging to the Hon. Lady Salmond (daughter of the late Lord Desborough)—the famous so-called "Polish Rider" by Rembrandt, which dominated the recent Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House (it hangs now in the City Art Gallery) and—at Temple Newsam—the intriguing portrait of a young man stretching out his hand for his cap, which has been variously attributed to Aert de Gelder, Rembrandt himself, Nicholas Maes, Barent Fabritius; and now Samuel van Hoogstraten,



FIG. 3. "LE MONT VALERIEN"; BY JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875).
(Oil on canvas; 10 by 13½ ins.)

This enchanting little Corot landscape was painted about 1835 and will, writes Frank Davis, "help us all to remember that this admirable painter and sterling character—he really must have been the most simple and lovable of men—was infinitely more subtle than the popular preference for his later formula of feathering trees over a pond, plus a nymph or two, would have us believe."

gate-leg table in mahogany—such things are normally viewed with suspicion when they are made of anything but oak. Here is convincing proof that this seventeenth-century fashion lived on. Another item which will delight lovers of old glass is a case of Nailsea—about thirty pieces of that greenish spotted glassware which was produced at this Birmingham factory from 1777 onwards and which harks back in the style of its decoration first to Venice and then to the Alexandria of classical times. Leeds has every reason to be grateful to its benefactors and pleased with itself.

NEAR AND AFAR: NEWS EVENTS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS IN PICTURES.



A COMFORTABLE WIN IN A RACE AGAINST THREE CONTINENTAL UNIVERSITIES: LONDON UNIVERSITY EIGHT ON THE RIVER SEINE ON APRIL 10.

On April 10 London University raced over a course of 1.75 km. on the Seine against three Continental universities. At the half distance, London were a length ahead, and finished three lengths ahead of Amsterdam University, with Paris third and Brussels fourth. On the same day France beat England by 11 points to 3 in the Rugby Championship series.



HOLDING A BIRTHDAY CAKE AND A TROPHY: THE MISSES ROSALIND AND DIANE ROWE, WHO WON THE WORLD WOMEN'S DOUBLES TABLE-TENNIS TITLE. On April 14, their twenty-first birthday, the Misses Diane and Rosalind Rowe, twin sisters, from Greenford, Middlesex, won the World Women's Doubles table-tennis title when they beat Miss K. Best and Miss A. Haydon at the Empire Pool, Wembley.



THE ARREST OF DR. JAGAN: THE DEPOSED CHIEF MINISTER OF BRITISH GUIANA AND LEADER OF THE PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE PARTY WALKING TO THE POLICE VAN.

Dr. Jagan was arrested on April 3 for defying an order restricting his movements to Georgetown; and released on bail. He was rearrested for violating an emergency order and taking the lead in a demonstration. He has been sentenced to six months in prison for violating the restriction order; and fined for holding an illegal procession.



APPEALING AGAINST HIS SENTENCE OF THREE YEARS' SOLITARY CONFINEMENT: DR. MUSADDIQ, THE FORMER PERSIAN PREMIER, IN COURT AT TEHERAN.

On April 11 Dr. Musaddiq, the former Persian Prime Minister, refused to enter the court room for the hearing of his appeal and had to be dragged in by guards. On the following day he broke his hunger-strike after his son had pleaded with him for an hour.



DESTROYED BY FIRE ON APRIL 13: THE BLAZING RITZ THEATRE AT WEYMOUTH SEEN FROM THE HARBOUR. IT WAS KNOWN AS THE PAVILION THEATRE BEFORE THE WAR.

On April 13 the Ritz Theatre at Weymouth was destroyed by fire, but there were no casualties. The fire is believed to have started in a room where painters were working. The roof collapsed and set the auditorium, the stage and the dressing-rooms on fire. Members of a variety show appearing there that week lost all their belongings.



AN AIR CRASH IN CAIRO: AN EGYPTIAN AIR FORCE SINGLE-ENGINE VULTEE VALIANT WHICH CRASHED INTO A HOSPITAL.

While flying very low spraying DDT over the outskirts of Cairo an Egyptian Air Force Vultee Valiant recently crashed into the corner of the dormitory wing of a hospital. Two nurses were injured and the pilot was killed.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE COLOURS OF THE RIVER-HORSE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN a zoo the seals are kept in a compound, the major part of which is a swimming-pool. The hippopotamus, on the other hand, has the usual compound, in which is included a pool usually little larger than the animal itself. Seals are recognised as aquatic, while hippopotamuses are supposed to be terrestrial. Perhaps we should say that those of us who have not had the good fortune to visit the hippopotamus at home have the general impression that it is a terrestrial animal which sometimes takes a bath. Yet its scientific name is *Hippopotamus* (literally river-horse) *amphibius*.

yet a moment's consideration suggests that the enormous barrel of a body is more suited for an aquatic life even if it has legs instead of flippers. In fact, the hippopotamus spends more time in the water than on land, and is an expert swimmer and diver. Its aquatic nature is also seen in the time it can remain submerged; commonly this is for $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and it has been asserted that a stay underwater for 15 minutes on end is not impossible, as in beavers. The

geographical distribution of the animal also shows a linkage with water: it is found in almost every suitable large area of water south of the Sahara, whether lake or river. At times it is found on the sea-coast. Even so, it habitually comes on to land by night to feed on grass and weeds, and may wander 6 to 7 miles in a night. Moreover, it has the habit of marking out a territory, using its own excrement for the purpose. The hippopotamus has all the appearance therefore of a land animal that has almost completely taken to water, and is as truly aquatic as, say, an otter, while retaining more closely the form of a land animal. The distinction is important.

Thunberg, in his "Travels in Europe, Asia and Africa" (1796), was informed by a "respectable person at the Cape," that as he and a party were on a hunting expedition, they saw a female hippopotamus come from one of the rivers and retire to a little distance from its bank to calve. They lay still in the bushes until the calf and its mother made their appearance. Then one of

them fired and shot the latter dead. The Hottentots, thinking they could seize the calf alive, ran from their hiding-place; but although only just born the young animal eluded them, and made its way to the river, where, plunging in, it swam safely away. The newly-born hippo apparently recognised its proper place of safety, without instruction or having

is forty years. A female acquired by the same Zoo in 1853 produced her first young in 1871, two calves being born that year at intervals of nine months. Both these died, but there have been other births since, there and in other zoos. From observations on these it appears that the young are usually born at the water's edge, occasionally in shallow water. In the wild, such observations as we have suggest that the reeds at the waterside are the usual place for birth to be accomplished. One female in the London Zoo, as her term approached, was locked in her shed with a



SHOWING THE LONG, GELATINOUS FINGER-NAILS NOT PRESENT AT BIRTH; THE FORE-FOOT OF A HIPPO POTAMUS BORN AT THE LONDON ZOO IN 1925. THIS PHOTOGRAPH ALSO SHOWS THE UNUSUAL LENGTH OF THE TOES AS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE ADULT.

The general form of the hippopotamus is almost too well known to need description; but it may be profitable to go over its points in detail. First, there is the massive bulk of the body, up to 14 ft. long in a well-grown adult and weighing up to 4 tons. In front is the massive, broad head, including a capacious mouth with an unusually wide gape. The ears are small; the eyes are small and set well up on the head; and the nostrils are high up on the snout. The position of these are such that the huge beast can submerge in water with the nostrils only breaking surface, and remain so for long periods. Or the eyes and nostrils, and the ears only, can be so exposed. There is little by way of a tail and the legs are short, stout pillars which keep the large belly, when on land, barely off the ground. There are four toes on each foot, each ending in a small hoof. Movement on land is ponderous—it is usually referred to as ungainly—yet the hippopotamus can from all accounts move with speed and agility, especially in attack. It can be dangerous on land, perhaps more for its weight than its manoeuvrability, but it is especially dangerous to a hunter who happens to be between it and the water. To a canoe or small boat, however, it constitutes a worse menace, partly because of its greater ease of movement in water

and partly for the enormous gape enabling it to snap at the timbers, not to mention the assistance given by its enormous teeth. The incisors measure 20 ins. on the average, the canine tusks 30 ins. The record for the canines is the quite astonishing length of 5 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins., a portion of this being, of course, embedded in the jaws. For a beast standing no more than 4 ft. 10 ins. at the shoulder, such tusks are quite out of proportion, and represent fearful weapons when used in the characteristic slashing blow.

So far, then, we see this bulky beast conforming to the pattern of a land animal with a liking for the water,



BOTTLE-FED: A BABY PYGMY HIPPO POTAMUS AT THE LONDON ZOO. THE HIPPO POTAMUS SPENDS MORE TIME IN THE WATER THAN ON LAND AND IS AN EXPERT SWIMMER AND DIVER, EVEN APPEARING QUITE GRACEFUL WHEN ITS MASSIVE BODY IS SUPPORTED BY WATER.

good supply of hay for fodder. She spent the night prior to the birth of her young in taking mouthfuls of hay to her water trough, soaking it, and spreading it on the floor. The instinct to provide the nearest to a damp bed of reeds is remarkable in an animal that had had no previous experience of the natural preparation of a birth-place.

It is usual to suppose that in the evolution of an aquatic animal from a land animal the transition from a terrestrial habit to life in water should be accompanied or preceded by bodily changes obviously fitting it to the new mode of existence. In the hippopotamus we see the bodily form of a land animal with the habits and, more important still, the instincts of an almost aquatic beast, such as the birth near or in water, the preparation even in captivity of a mock reed-bed, and the instinct of the newly-born calf to make for water if threatened. Finally, as our pictures on the opposite page show, the play is essentially aquatic. It recalls the known liking of porpoises in captivity for playing with a rubber ball, flinging it up with the snout in a sort of water polo. Moreover, and this may be purely idle fancy, there is a striking similarity between the play between mother and babe hippopotamus, and an early maternal behaviour in the whales, porpoises and dolphins. In them the young are born underwater and the

mother sometimes lifts the calf with her snout to the surface for its first breath. There is one case on record of a porpoise that held her stillborn calf at the surface in this way for a long time, presumably until it became apparent to her that there was no further purpose to be served by it. Play is often indicative of, and in close resemblance to, the more serious business of life. It could be, if the whales are descended from terrestrial quadrupeds, as we have reason to suppose, that an ancestral trick of playing with the young, as in the hippopotamus, may have laid the foundation for a behaviour pattern which made underwater birth of a lung-breathing animal possible.



APTLY NAMED THE "RIVER-HORSE": A BABY PYGMY HIPPO POTAMUS AT THE LONDON ZOO, LOOKING WELL PLEASED WITH LIFE AND DISPLAYING ITS EQUINE FEATURES. THE YOUNG HIPPO POTAMUS HAS THE HEAD AND FEATURES, ALSO THE FEET, OF ANIMALS MORE TYPICALLY TERRESTRIAL, YET ITS INSTINCTS APPEAR TO BE MAINLY TOWARDS A LIFE IN WATER.

an example to copy. The action is strongly reminiscent of the young turtle on its first emergence from the nest in the sand of the seashore.

Hippopotamuses were exhibited in Rome as early as A.D. 138, and were well known to ancient writers who constantly misrepresented them. This may have had some influence on our later knowledge. In addition, these animals were less familiar in Europe than some of the other large game. The first live specimen to be brought to this country arrived in the London Zoo on May 25, 1850. It was a male and died in 1878—the known longevity for the species



AT PLAY WITH HER CALF: AN UNUSUAL EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE MASSIVE HIPPOPOTAMUS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA IN THE MOSCOW ZOO AND REPRODUCED IN PICTORIAL FORM BY OUR ARTIST.

We do not usually associate the ponderous bulk of the hippopotamus with play. To some extent this is because the slight knowledge most of us possess of this animal is gained from seeing it in captivity and on dry land, or at most wallowing in a pool of small proportions restricting all but the more limited movements. Aptly named the river-horse, the hippopotamus is an agile swimmer, and graceful when its massive body is supported by water. Play is therefore more possible in the water. The rough-and-tumble, reproduced here in pictorial form by our artist and originally filmed in the Moscow Zoo, consisted of the mother and baby hippopotamus entering the water together. After swimming for a short distance, the mother submerged her snout, lifted the baby up and bounced it until it

slithered back into the water. This was repeated several times, after which they both swam towards the bank; the young one left the water and stood on the bank, while the mother opened her huge mouth to make a gentle biting action on her offspring's flank, the nearest one is likely to see, presumably, to a hippopotamus kissing her babe. As much as anything, perhaps, the interest lies in this, that the play appeared to be initiated by the mother. We are apt to regard playfulness as the prerogative of the young, but where parent and young are concerned, play is an essential part of the bond between them, the result of which is the education of the young, although the impulse to indulge it may spring from other sources.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON. THE FILM ON WHICH THESE DRAWINGS ARE BASED IS DISTRIBUTED EXCLUSIVELY IN GREAT BRITAIN ON 16 MM. BY MESSRS. PLATO FILMS, LTD.



VIEWING EACH OTHER WITH INTEREST: A HIPPOPOTAMUS BEING INTRODUCED TO A BLACK RHINOCEROS BY MR. CARR HARTLEY AT RUMURUTI. BOTH ANIMALS HAD ONLY BEEN RECENTLY CAPTURED WHEN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN.



DELIGHTING IN HAVING HIS TONGUE SCRATCHED: SAMMY, MR. HARTLEY'S TAME HIPPOPOTAMUS, BEHAVES MORE LIKE A DOMESTIC DOG THAN A WILD AND DANGEROUS ANIMAL. Cinema-goers who have seen and enjoyed such films as "King Solomon's Mines," "Where No Vultures Fly," "Savage Splendour" and "Mogambo" may have wondered how some of the shots of wild animals stampeding and the close-ups of rhinoceros and hippopotamuses were taken. In most instances, the film companies have co-operated with the hunters who run wild-animal farms in East Africa. One of the best-known of these catchers of live animals is Mr. Carr Hartley, who runs a wild-animal farm at Rumuruti, some 200 miles from Nairobi, in Kenya. The photographs on this and the facing page were all taken on Mr. Hartley's farm where, in fenced-in compounds, he keeps rhinoceros, hippopotamuses, giraffes, zebras, lions and many other large animals and birds. (Continued opposite.)

JUST PART OF THE DAY'S WORK FOR DANGEROUS RHINOCEROS AND



A NOT UNUSUAL SIGHT NEAR MR. HARTLEY'S WILD-ANIMAL FARM: A YOUNG HIPPOPOTAMUS ABOUT TO INVESTIGATE THE ACTIVITIES OF AN OLD TRIBESMAN, WHO SEEMS TO BE QUITE UNFETTERED BY THE VISITATION.



ENOUGH TO MAKE A HIPPOPOTAMUS LAUGH: SAMMY JOINS IN THE JOKE AS MR. CARR HARTLEY (LEFT) SHOWS TWO MEMBERS OF A FILM UNIT AROUND HIS FARM IN KENYA. MR. HARTLEY SENDS ANIMALS TO ZOOS ALL OVER THE WORLD.



PLEASURABLE ANTICIPATION: A HIPPOPOTAMUS, AN ANIMAL WHOSE INSTINCTS APPEAR TO BE MAINLY TOWARDS A LIFE IN WATER, LOOKS ON HOPEFULLY AS A NATIVE BOY POURS OUT WATER WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT IN PETROL-CANS FROM A NEAR-BY RIVER.

A CATCHER OF LIVE ANIMALS: TAMING HIPPOPOTAMUSES ON A KENYA FARM.



DEMONSTRATING TO VISITORS HOW TAME HIS RHINOCEROS CAN BE: MR. CARR HARTLEY RIDING ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THEM WHILE HIS WIFE AND OTHERS LOOK ON. NOT MANY PEOPLE WOULD CARE TO FOLLOW MR. HARTLEY'S EXAMPLE.



AN INCIDENT WHICH MIGHT HAVE ENDED BADLY FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER: A RHINOCEROS, WHICH SUDDENLY CHARGED TOWARDS THE CAMERA BUT WAS FORTUNATELY STOPPED IN TIME BY THE NATIVE BOY (LEFT).



SQUATTING UNCONCERNEDLY AMONG THREE YOUNG BLACK RHINOCEROS: MR. CARR HARTLEY, WHOSE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN HANDLING MANY KINDS OF WILD ANIMALS ENABLES HIM TO TAKE RISKS WITH IMPUNITY.



ARMED ONLY WITH A BUNDLE OF STRAW: MR. CARR HARTLEY GOING INTO THE COMPOUND OF A NEWLY-CAPTURED BLACK RHINOCEROS: A BEAST WHICH CAN BE EXTREMELY FEROCIOUS AND DANGEROUS AT CLOSE RANGE.



ON HIS WILD-ANIMAL FARM AT RUMURUTI: MR. CARR HARTLEY DEMONSTRATING HOW HE CAN GRAPPLE WITH A HUGE RHINOCEROS WHEN THE BEAST IS TIRED AFTER RUNNING ROUND AT THE END OF A ROPE. (Continued.) animals to film companies from all over the world who are on location in East Africa. He also receives orders from many countries for live animals and birds for zoos and menageries. Mr. Hartley has had years of experience with wild animals, and except for some of the really ferocious breeds, he can usually persuade his captives to be comparatively docile after a few days in their cages or pens. On these pages we show some of the rhinoceros and hippopotamuses on Mr. Hartley's farm; both animals can be extremely dangerous and aggressive at close range, but to Mr. Hartley they are just part of the day's work and some of the tamer ones will even let him sit on their backs, as can be seen in one of the above photographs.

ON THE ROYAL TOUR ROUTE IN CEYLON: THE LOVELY LADIES



(ABOVE) TWO OF THE ALMOST LIFE-SIZED WALL-PAINTINGS OF FEMALE FIGURES, WHICH STILL SURVIVE FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY ON PART OF THE SIDE OF THE LION ROCK OF SIGIRIYA.

Continued. of white, this band being all that now remains of a walled gallery which once led to the summit. How and by whom the summit of the rock was first reached no one knows; or the number of deaths which must inevitably have occurred in the building of the stairways and galleries which eventually mounted the vertical sides of the rock. When one stands below and gazes up at the overhanging crag towering above one's head, one is not only amazed that Kassapa had dared to dream of building a city on its lofty summit, but that the dream was so completely realised staggers one's imagination. For on this monstrous, flat-topped boulder elaborate palaces rose against the sky, connected with the world below by steep stairways and high-walled galleries. Of the galleries which wound up the rock, only a small section of about a hundred

(Continued below, right.)

In our issue of April 3 we published an illustrated article by Dr. S. PARANANTANA, the Archaeological Commissioner of Ceylon, on the latest excavations at Sigiriya, which H. M. the Queen arranged to visit on April 15. Here the great Rock of Sigiri rises 600 ft. sheer from the jungle, and on its summit and round its foot, the paricide King Kassapa I. built his "pleasure dome" towards the end of the fifth century A.D. Mrs. Iris Darnton has recently visited this celebrated "Lion Rock", and concerning this visit and the photographs she took which we here reproduce, she writes:

As one leaves the car and approaches the mighty bulk of the rock, thrusting its monstrous bulbous sides, weirdly streaked with red and black, 600 ft. into the sky, one sees that about half-way up its side is a broad band

(Continued below, left.)



IN ALL, TWENTY-TWO FIGURES OF MAIDENS LIKE THESE SURVIVE ON THIS OVERHUNG GALLERY OF THE ROCK, ALL PORTRAYED, LIKE THESE, EMERGING FROM CLOUDS.



AMONG THE HAZARDS OF SIGIRI ARE THE SAVAGE WILD BEES; AND THIS CAGE, ON THE SUMMIT, IS PROVIDED AS A REFUGE FOR VISITORS WHO ARE ATTACKED BY THE SWARMS.



(ABOVE) THE LION STAIRCASE HALF-WAY UP THE ROCK. ONLY THE FORE-PAWS OF THE ORIGINAL COLOSSAL LION STATUE (THROUGH WHICH THE STAIR LED) REMAINS.

Continued. yards remains, but this section, clinging to the face of the rock, on the side away from the force of the monsoon, has withstood the sunshine and storm of fifteen centuries to a remarkable degree. Just over 4 ft. wide, this gallery is paved with slabs of stone, while a high wall, 9 to 10 ft. in height, shuts out the view of the jungle-clad plain below. This wall is not only remarkable for the fact that it is still in such good repair,

(Continued on left.)



LOOKING OUT FROM THE ORIGINAL GALLERY WALL OVER THE JUNGLE BELOW, TOWARDS THE PEAKS OF THE KANDYAN MOUNTAINS, IMMEDIATELY BELOW WERE THE GARDENS OF KASSAPA.

some in verse, of early visitors to Sigiriya, chiefly in the days of Kassapa's reign. One very interesting fact has come to light through the study of these inscriptions: that is, that the whole of this western face of the rock was probably covered with paintings, but unfortunately these paintings, exposed to all the ravages of tropical downpours and the scorching sunshine of the passing centuries, have completely vanished, apart from those in a shallow pocket or oblong cave, where the rock-face, protected from the destroying action of the weather, still retains its coating of plaster and paint. This cave, about 40 or 45 ft. above the gallery, was until a

(Continued above, right.)

AND THE LION STAIRCASE OF THE GREAT ROCK OF SIGIRIYA.



ALL THE FIGURES ARE IN THE SAME VOLUPTUOUS STYLE, WITH BLACK HAIR AND ELABORATE, BEJEWELLED HEAD-DRESSES. ONE OF THE PAIR HOLDS A LOTUS FLOWER.



THE SURVIVING PAINTINGS ON THE ROCK ARE ALL IN THIS SHALLOW ROCK CAVE, WHICH WAS INACCESSIBLE UNTIL AN IRON STAIRWAY WAS BUILT UP TO IT IN MODERN TIMES.



ANOTHER VIEW FROM THE GALLERY OF THE ASCENDING STAIR. FANTASTIC ROCKS BELOW WERE INCORPORATED IN THE WATER GARDENS WHICH HAVE BEEN RECENTLY EXCAVATED.

Continued. of slipping, but to add to one's nervous strain there is the danger of being attacked by bees! For the rock harbours swarms of *Bamboras*, a savage wild bee whose sting is not only highly poisonous, but whose temper is so uncertain that they attack *en masse* at the slightest provocation. As one climbs the last steps of the granite stairway and emerges on this shoulder of rock, near the lion's claws, one is confronted by a notice-board warning visitors not to smoke and not to raise their voices, for fear of irritating the bees. Close by there is also a wire-cage in which to take refuge in emergency. But if one is being attacked by a great, black,

Continued. few years ago (when an iron stairway was built up the face of the rock), completely inaccessible from either above or below, and there was no sign that it was ever otherwise. It is these frescoes, by their extraordinary position, their amazing state of preservation, and also by the subjects of the paintings themselves, that add the final touch of fantasy to Sigiriya. For the paintings are all of women, with full, rounded breasts and slimly-curving waists. Almost life-size and naked to the hips, they are lavishly adorned with heavy jewels, their jet-black hair being crowned with elaborate diadems and other jewelled ornaments. As one slowly and laboriously ascends the rock, one reaches at last a shoulder or rocky platform which, about half-way up, juts away from the crag, and here on this level plateau one faces the worst

(Continued below, right.)



(ABOVE) IT IS THOUGHT THAT THE WHOLE ROCK-FACE WAS COVERED WITH PAINTINGS OF THIS KIND; AND THAT THE ROCK WAS NEVER A FORTRESS BUT RATHER AN "EARTHLY PARADISE."

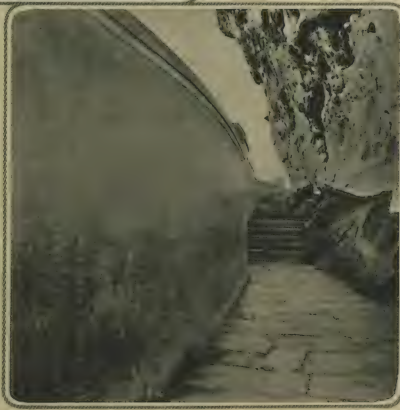
Continued. climb of all, for a high, precipitous cliff rises towering and unscalable into the sky. Against this vertical cliff of bare, black rock Kassapa built a huge lion of brick coated with plaster, its monstrous head facing the northern plain, which from here can be seen stretching away to the blue distance of the far horizon. Through the body of this huge animal went the connecting stairway, to rise behind it up the face of the precipice, until at last the summit was attained. Nothing whatever remains of this stairway except the grooves cut in the rock to retain the bricks of which it was made. The lion, too, has gone—all but its huge claws. A narrow iron ladder has been fixed by the Archaeological Commission to the cliff to assist the ascent to the summit of those bold enough to make the attempt, but unfortunately the ladder does not go to

(Continued below, left.)

(ABOVE) MRS. DARNTON, THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLES ON THESE PAGES, SEATED BY THE HUGE PAWS OF THE LION STAIRWAY, HALF-WAY UP THE ROCK. THE PAWS ARE PLASTER OVER BRICK.

Continued. whole way, as an iron hand-rail takes its place as one nears the top. After leaving the comparative safety of this ladder, one has to step out on to the rock itself, clinging to the inadequate hand-rail as one makes one's way more or less horizontally across the bare face of the cliff, precariously placing one's feet in the worn and uneven grooves cut in its perpendicular side. And not only is there the constant danger

(Continued below.)



THE INNER PLASTER OF THE GALLERY WALL IS POLISHED LIKE MARBLE AND ITS SURFACE IS COVERED WITH ANCIENT GRAFFITI IN ROUNDED ORIENTAL SCRIPTS, DATING PROBABLY TO KASSAPA'S REIGN.

buzzing swarm when one is perhaps half-way up the ladder, or on the bare face of the cliff, with nothing but a hand-rail between one's self and a sheer several hundred feet, then that cage on the plateau below must seem a very long way off! Kassapa died in battle, committing suicide in the hour of defeat by the armies of the brother whose rights he had usurped; and the Rock of Sigiri was deserted.

THE WHITE BAND IS THE ONLY SURVIVING SECTION OF THE ORIGINAL GALLERY WALL. ABOVE ITS RIGHT END IS THE SHALLOW CAVE IN WHICH THE ROCK-PAINTINGS STILL SURVIVE.

Continued. but its chum-coated surface—like parchment-coloured marble—is highly polished, and if one looks along it at an angle one sees that the wall is covered with writing; lovely rounded Eastern script scratched on its mirror-like surface with a style—a sort of metal pen—as is still used for writing on the clay, or palm-leaved books. We are told that these ancient writings, or *graffiti*, were the records and impressions,

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CHEESE AND CHALK.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is established by now, I imagine, that chalk differs from cheese. My childhood was haunted by an ancient who scorned so simple a comparison. He used to say: "T'es as different as a pilchard from a tadpole." And his voice seems to rasp again as I sit down this morning to a run of plays with nothing in common. One has a dance in the title and another a song; but the two plays themselves have precious little dancing or singing: all of this is confined to the third and fourth productions on my list which, in turn, are as unlike each other—pass me the word—as pilchards and tadpoles. I will not venture to say which is which.

The Lyric Theatre programme has on its cover a charming line-sketch of a dancing hippopotamus, and the play is duly called "Hippo Dancing." Hippo is the nickname of a wholesale fruiterer who lives in Golders Green, and whose life has been a sustained bellow of wrath. He is less charming than the programme cover. Everything enrages him, and especially the least important things. If a car ventures to turn in his drive, he leaps out with a truncheon, and he has a notebook for jotting down registration numbers. I was reminded of Miss Betsey Trotwood and her shriek of "Janet! Donkeys!" when a donkey-boy ventured to profane the hallowed ground in front of her cottage. "Jugs of water, and watering pots, were kept in secret places, ready to be discharged on the offending boys; sticks were laid in ambush behind the door; sallies were made at all hours; and incessant war prevailed." Hippo has something in common with Miss Trotwood, though his charm is less apparent.

When the curtain rises, the preposterous man—in the person of Robert Morley, who wrote the play, with acknowledgments to André Roussin—is thundering against the world, and all people that on earth do dwell. His bland cousin (with Wilfrid Hyde-White's secret smile) listens pleasurably. For years Hippo has been nothing but a noise; he has so deafened himself in his dancing rages, that he does not realise he is quite alone. His sons have disregarded him, and his French wife has not been merely a patient martyr. In the comedy Hippo discovers at last what is happening. He learns, staggered, that one son wants to

has still to be knocked out by his cousin (alas, this happens in the second interval). Hippo, as a deceived husband, is as jealous as any Mr. Pinchwife. There is plenty for a comedian in a part that makes us think of Pinchwife and Betsey Trotwood. Robert Morley becomes curiously ingratiating. When Hippo has ceased to storm and is a wholehearted family man, the most terrifying snob in his neighbourhood—he is to be a Princess's father-in-law, and he has an eminent *couturier*-son—Mr. Morley almost gets us to like the fellow. That, we say sternly, is weakness; we must not yield. But, by now, the roaring Hippo is a great

Hippo fluting upon the telephone; Hippo in high spirits; Hippo dancing. I hope I may never meet the play without Mr. Morley; then it might be dire. But why bring that up? The main thing is that the actor is with us, and triumphantly, at the Lyric Theatre: his voice must be audible in Golders Green.

We are in another world at the St. Martin's. John Whiting, our most provocative young dramatist, is the author of "Marching Song," which is unlike either of his earlier works, the Arts prizewinner, "Saint's Day," one of the most hotly-debated dramas of its time, or "A Penny for a Song," the farcical fantasy of Dorset during the Napoleonic Wars.

"Marching Song" is nearer to "Saint's Day." Throughout the very slow but impressively-detailed study of a discredited soldier, a general (released after long imprisonment), who is to be used as a scapegoat, and for whom life and death must be equally grim, I felt that Mr. Whiting was working on two levels; that the piece had more to say than it seemed. I may suffer still from that strong dose of symbolism in "Saint's Day"; Mr. Whiting may be speaking right on, with no concealed intentions; and yet I remain troubled about the names of his characters, their professions, such a passage as the general's description of the massacre of the innocents. But it should be part of a dramatist's duty to make himself clear at once. Maybe speculation is unwise. There is enough to grasp the imagination in this tale of a general who, years ago, had seen himself too clearly, who faltered, and who now must choose; of the Chancellor—a realist—who presents the choice to him; of the woman for whom, during his imprisonment, his love has faded; and of the girl from the city below who can so strangely unlock his tormented mind.

It is an intense, slow-paced night, and we are oppressed by the idea that Mr. Whiting has not spoken clearly. But his feeling for atmosphere is remarkable; and with Frith Banbury to produce "Marching Song," and Diana Wynyard (the woman), Penelope Munday (the girl), and Robert Flemyng (his general has a certain monotony of tone) to express it, this discussion of an attitude to life and death does smoulder in the mind. I remember the tired-eagle Chancellor (Ernest Thesiger), who offers the means of death to the



"A BLAND, COSY AND LIKEABLE ENTERTAINMENT, ILLUMINATED BY EVELYN LAYE": "WEDDING IN PARIS"—SHOWING A SCENE, "THE MADELEINE—PARIS," FROM GEORGE AND ALFRED BLACK'S MUSICAL PLAY AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME IN WHICH MME. MARCELLE THIBAUT (EVELYN LAYE) EXPOUNDS HER VIEWS TO NEWSPAPER REPORTERS IN A SONG "A MAN IS A MAN IS A MAN."

baby, cooing and pouting: we want to put him on our knee or to play trains with him on the rug.

About this time, and suddenly, the play ends. Mr. Morley, coming downstage, observes to us that it has been, of course, a fairy-tale, and the family will live happily ever after. I do not know if this is in M. Roussin's play: the direct appeal to the audience reminds me of "Edward My Son" (of which Mr. Morley was part-author), and the fact that the dress-designing son never arrives is also reminiscent—we heard so much of Edward, but we never met him.

This piece, then, is just a full-scale study of one man. Whenever Hippo stops dancing—and that is very rare—the play stops as well. We have too much of the early boom-and-thunder (though it is remarkable how the actor can hold it for so long after opening at full pressure), and Hippo is much too adjectivally exuberant. Robert Morley is a better actor than dramatist. Still, he is so masterful an actor that, while we are in the theatre, he can carry off the whole thing and make us overlook scenes where the comedy is dangerously rubbed. In retrospect, the evening is all Hippo: Hippo roaring until the horse-brasses shake and the vases tremble; Hippo foaming on the track of trespassing cars; Hippo enviously watching his wife at breakfast; Hippo realising that he has been an ostrich (the man, you will notice, is a menagerie in himself) and pulling his head from the sand;



"IT IS AN INTENSE, SLOW-PACED NIGHT, AND WE ARE OPPRESSED BY THE IDEA THAT MR. WHITING HAS NOT SPOKEN CLEARLY. BUT HIS FEELING FOR ATMOSPHERE IS REMARKABLE": "MARCHING SONG," A NEW PLAY BY JOHN WHITING AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE, SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT I. WITH (L. TO R.) RUPERT FORSTER (ROBERT FLEMYNG); JOHN CADMUS (ERNEST THESIGER) AND CATHERINE DE TROYES (DIANA WYNYARD).



"... A COMEDY THAT, WITHOUT ROBERT MORLEY, MIGHT FAIL TO CONQUER US. BUT, YOU WILL HAVE GATHERED, HE IS THERE, AND HE CONQUERS": "HIPPO DANCING" (LYRIC), A SCENE IN WHICH 'HIPPO' OSBORNE (ROBERT MORLEY) COMPLAINS TO HIS WIFE, THERESE (ZENA HOWARD), AND COUSIN, HENRY POOLE (WILFRID HYDE-WHITE), ABOUT A CAR WHICH HAS TURNED IN HIS DRIVE.

be a woman's dressmaker, and that another is content to be "kept" by a wealthy young Italian Princess. The acknowledgment to the French dramatist becomes clear. It has not been wholly simple to translate Paris to Golders Green; fossils of the original comedy remain embedded—Hippo's French wife, let us say, though no one would call Zena Howard a fossil. She is both charming and incisive; it is her attack upon Hippo that finally persuades the bellicose ass to stop his war-dancing for a moment, and to consider the position. "To tell you the truth, I'm a bit tired of all this shouting," he observes to the audience.

Thence, until the end, he behaves more or less like a dove—a snobbish dove—though he

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WEDDING IN PARIS" (Hippodrome).—An obvious and dawdling, but benignly cheerful musical play (Hans May's score), in which Evelyn Laye is all zest and good temper. (April 3.) R.A.D.A. ANNUAL MATINEE (Savoy).—A richly varied programme that honoured the Academy. We shall look in future for such players (among others) as Jane Downs—the Bancroft Gold Medalist—Shirley Roberts, Terence Knapp and Edward Hardwicke. (April 6.)

"THE PLAYERS' MINSTRELS" (Players' Theatre).—A splendid plantation production"—and so it is, with Mr. Tambo, Mr. Bones, Mr. Honey Boy, Mr. Sugar and all the other coons, Mr. Interlocutor (Fred Stone) in the midst. Here is something ("Buffalo gals, won't you come out to-night?") that in its seventy minutes or so must stir many memories. (April 6.)

"HIPPO DANCING" (Lyric).—Robert Morley in a roaring, stamping rage, and Robert Morley as a beaming, cooing dove, dominate a comedy (by Robert Morley, with acknowledgments to André Roussin) that, without Robert Morley, might fail to conquer us. But, you will have gathered, he is there, and he conquers. (April 7.)

"MARCHING SONG" (St. Martin's).—In a house on the heights above a capital city in Europe, a soldier must choose between life and death. John Whiting's smouldering, atmospheric drama, intensely acted, defies so quick a summary. One suspects symbolism. (April 8.)

general, and who is called Cadmus. At the première, and no doubt irrelevantly, I found myself murmuring a snatch of Byron: "You have the letters Cadmus gave—Think you he meant them for a slave?"

I dare not imagine what Mr. Whiting's determined creations might have made of "Wedding in Paris" (Hippodrome), which is simply a bland, cosy, and likeable entertainment, illuminated by Evelyn Laye; or of "The Players' Minstrels" (Players' Theatre), in which, to our delight, some cheerful souls black their faces as Mr. Bones, Mr. Tambo, and the rest. With Mr. Interlocutor (Fred Stone) at their core, they hurtle us into a muld and friendly past,

You have all heard **Winston Churchill's voice** on the radio, especially when, in the darkest hours of the war, his words served to strengthen our resolution to fight on to victory. Many have read his **books** and seen his **paintings**. Some of you have **seen him in person** on public occasions. But how many of you know **the man himself?**

The latest of "The Illustrated London News" Record Numbers gives you a complete portrait of

our Prime Minister and describes the factors and influences that have gone to make his greatness.

The publication, an eightieth year tribute, is entitled:

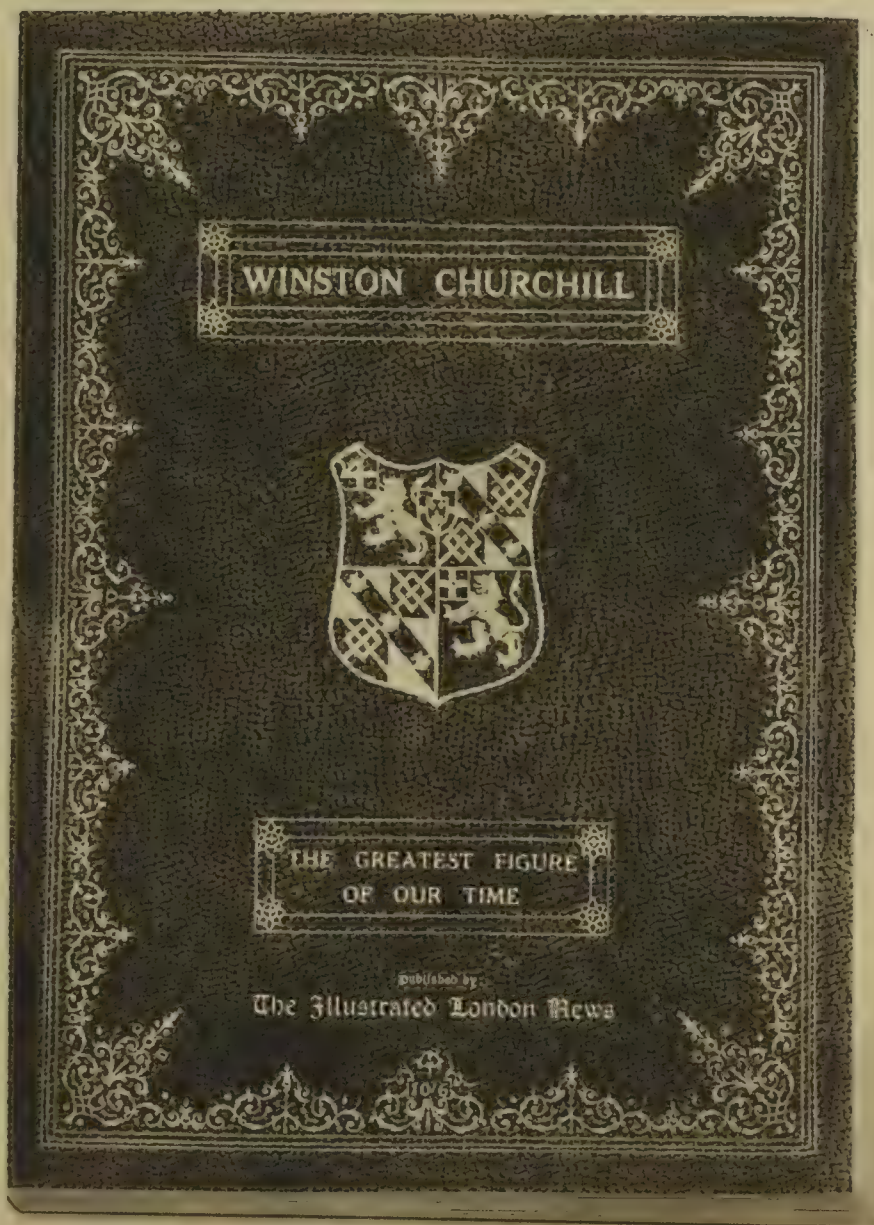
"WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE GREATEST FIGURE OF OUR TIME."



AN EARLY MINIATURE OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO WAS BORN IN 1874.



AS A YOUNG BOY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO ENTERED HARROW IN 1887.



THE YOUNG OFFICER: SIR (THEN MR.) WINSTON CHURCHILL, 4TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS.



AS HE IS TO-DAY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.C., PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

This Record Number is the most comprehensively illustrated account of Sir Winston Churchill's career as statesman, soldier, sportsman, author, painter and orator that has yet been offered to the public. It is enclosed in a red-and-gold "leather" cover (reproduced above) of the same overall size as that of the weekly issues of "The Illustrated London News"

and contains about 200 illustrations, of which 20 are in full colour on heavy plate paper and some, to the number of 25, are contained in four "intaglio" plates. In addition, every aspect of Sir Winston Churchill's career is described in articles by authors of repute—as Parliamentarian, Soldier, the Historic Figure, and the Man himself.

This remarkable publication is one that everyone should possess. It should make a most treasured gift to relatives and friends all over the world. But the issue is not by any means unlimited, and as there has already been a big demand, to avoid disappointment you should not fail to order your copy immediately from any

good-class newsagent or bookstall at the price of 10s. 6d. This Record Number may also be obtained from: The Publisher, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, at the price of 12s. 6d. to cover cost, package in a leatherboard carton, and postage to all parts of the world.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

I AM afraid that unmistakable prose epics from outlandish parts do not exactly draw one in. Indeed, the flesh tends to recoil from them; and "Christ Recrucified," by Nikos Kazantzakis (Cassirer; 15s.), with its portentous, rather woodenly specific title, strikes one as more resistible than most. It should perhaps be read—judging by the remarks of Albert Schweitzer and of Thomas Mann, it should undoubtedly be read. But there is no real impulse to get going; nor, to be frank, is inclination spurred by Dr. Mann's allusion to "the mythical background which is such a vital element in the epic form to-day. . . ."

Instinct, of course, is wrong again; and when we do embark, even the first page has a sound of promise. We are in the Greek village of Lycovrissi—which means Wolf's Fountain, and is apparently in Anatolia, certainly under Turkish rule. On this last day of Easter, the square is full of villagers in their best clothes; above, the Turkish Agha, flanked by an Oriental bodyguard and a delicious dimpled boy, savours the mild spring rain and the congruity of Allah's world; and at the Pope's, there is a meeting of the village notables. They are about to choose a cast for next year's Passion Play. It is enacted every seventh year, and half-confounded with the real thing. So they don't dream of going by talent; what matters is to look the part, and, secondly, if possible, to be the type. Thus Mary Magdalen chooses herself; she is the village prostitute. The saddler is red-haired, pock-marked and gorilla-like—he must be Judas. The archon wants his own son to be Christ, but Pope Grigoris tells him it would never do. Michelis is too prosperous and sleek; he shall be cast as the beloved John. For Christ, they have the young shepherd Manolios—fair, blue-eyed, monastery-bred. . . . All are exhorted to amend, and to become their parts: all except Judas, who is inconsolable.

And that same day, a fierce and tattered pope swoops down upon the village with a starving mob. They have been burnt out by the Turk, and after three months' wandering have come to Lycovrissi with their ikons and their fathers' bones. This is where Pope Grigoris shows his mettle. He wants no starvelings here; nor does he want "another queen in the same hive." And so, with great presence of mind, he raises an alarm of cholera. But though the strangers are moved on, they don't go far enough. Their refuge is the wild mountain of Sarakina, with its many caves—where they are famished in plain sight, and as alarming to the big-wigs as a pack of wolves.

The weak point is the shepherd-Christ, and at the end he is playing second fiddle to Elijah, as the beggar-pope. It is a narrative in the grand manner; it is nobly staged; and I must add, its morally lamentable bigwigs have a great appeal. They are so human, and so unboundedly themselves.

OTHER FICTION

"The General's Summer-House," by Anthony Rhodes (Arthur Barker; 10s.), gives us the author's special blend: light, topical intrigue, in a décor of old civility, with a slight, pungent flavour of "Abandon hope—". This time, the year is 1938; the old world is St. James's College, Cambridge, and the intrigue concerns its choice of a new Provost. The dying man has appointed two—such is his ancient right—and at the year's end, one will be selected. The first, as everyone foresaw, is Gandar Dhobi, an Indian statesman and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize; the other a retired General Cairns, who lives at Granchester and is in charge of the young officers now being sent up for a degree. This nobody foresaw, but everyone can understand. He is the "modern" candidate, the choice of their fanatical efficient Dean, who wants St. James's brought up to the minute. And so the college splits into two factions; and at the heart of the *mêlée*—at once a bone of strife, and luckless arbiter of destiny—is Richard Rawson-Shawe. He is a sapper-undergraduate, therefore the Dean's. And as he "knows about construction," and the General is building a new summer-house, and cares for literally nothing else, he is the General's twice over.

The Cambridge scene—perhaps especially the Split Club, with its self-confident and noble louts—has an amazing brilliance and detachment. The surface is pure comedy; but underneath, there is the faint sound of a passing bell.

"Two Ways to Love," by Josephine Bell (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), is a romance in two compartments, each with its separate heroine as the narrator. In both, the loved one is Mark Brindley. Geraldine and he were good friends from the first, although emotionally he had warned her off. He had a married mistress in the background, peerless but unattainable—and, as it afterwards turned out, stricken in years. To Geraldine, the relief was huge: All that anxiety, for an old woman! They became lovers, they continued friends; and they are now on holiday in Paris. Yet he is still, and now with double vigilance, warning her off. Even his dirty clothes are a rebuff; in fact, they nerve her to escaping-point. And so he falls in with the spinster daughter of the vicarage—with *Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée*. Lillian can't be snubbed; she is prepared to chase and harry him to death, in the all-justifying and single interest of "her happy ending."

Lillian is too crude to be lifelike. The first part comes more naturally, and has more to say; but it is rather scrappy and unplumbed.

"The Cretan Counterfeit," by Katharine Farrer (Collins; 9s. 6d.), offers its cultured young Inspector a Minoan mystery. It starts with an obituary on Sir Alban Worrall, the archaeologist, who has died suddenly, and who (by implication) was a total fraud. Next day there is an ardently defensive letter from one Janet Coltman—and she is almost instantly found in Soho, knifed but still breathing. She had been ambushed on her way home from the *Minos*, the Cretan restaurant in which Sir Alban had his last attack. All is, in fact, as Cretan as can be; the cast includes a man-devouring mother-goddess, a "stripling god or king," and a herculean Homeric outlaw, and Cretan fakes abound. And it is all as entertaining and intelligent as it is twopence-coloured. Only the problem gets too dense, and there is too much complicated theorising.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

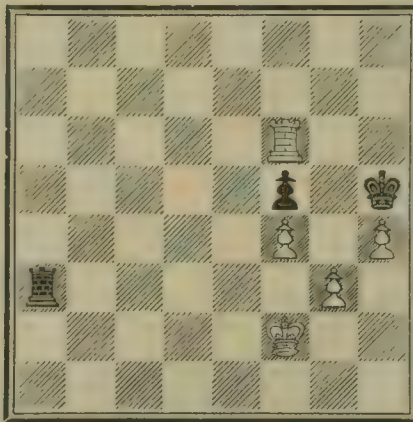
"HOW many moves ahead do you calculate in chess?" an admirer once asked Reti, the late Hungarian master. "As a rule, not one," was the unexpected reply: an epigram, of course, with the normal one-tenth of 1 per cent. of real truth that the average epigram contains.

Yet sometimes I wonder!

Here are two positions reached by Reshevsky, America's leading player, in the World Championship preliminaries. In each it is clear beyond a shadow of doubt that his opponent's strongest move never even occurred to him.

Cover this page below the diagrams. See if you can find Black's best move in each. You have the advantage of knowing there is something "in the air" and of examining the position with Reshevsky's move already made. But then, you aren't Reshevsky, are you?

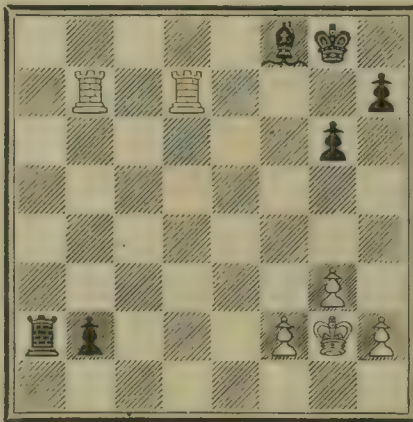
GELLER (Black).



RESHEVSKY (White).

Black to play.

BOLESLAVSKY (Black).



RESHEVSKY (White).

Black to play.

First diagram: 1. . . . R-KB6ch; 2. K-K2. (If 2. K-Kt2, R×KtPch; 3. K×R, stalemate), R×KtP; 3. R×Kt2, P×KtP and Black draws easily.

Second diagram: 1. . . . R-R2!, for if 2. R×R, P-Kt8(Q) and if 2. R×P, R×R. Black threatens 2. . . . P-Kt8(Q) and there is nothing White can do about it. Reshevsky's opponent overlooked this as well!

fact that we learn, quite casually, is that two men, alone on what is little more than a sailing dinghy, only meet for about four hours a day!

As in some forms of business relationship, there is a theory that you can attract shy youngsters to your garden by deploying before them a quantity of succulent and appropriate food. In an enchanting book called "Bird Gardening" (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd.; 10s. 6d.), Major Maxwell Knight instructs the bird-lover in this art, and in the more important one of arranging suitable nest accommodation. (This has so far not been considered desirable in business circles.) I long to try out Major Knight's precepts in my own brick and stone pleasance in Chelsea!

Mr. James Walton does not disdain birds, but "My Wild Friends" (Faber and Faber; 15s.) shows an altogether wider visiting-list, including badgers, leopards and lions. I congratulate him on his curiosity, his courage and his excellent book—but I feel no desire to emulate his social gifts in entertaining the larger and more ferocious fauna.

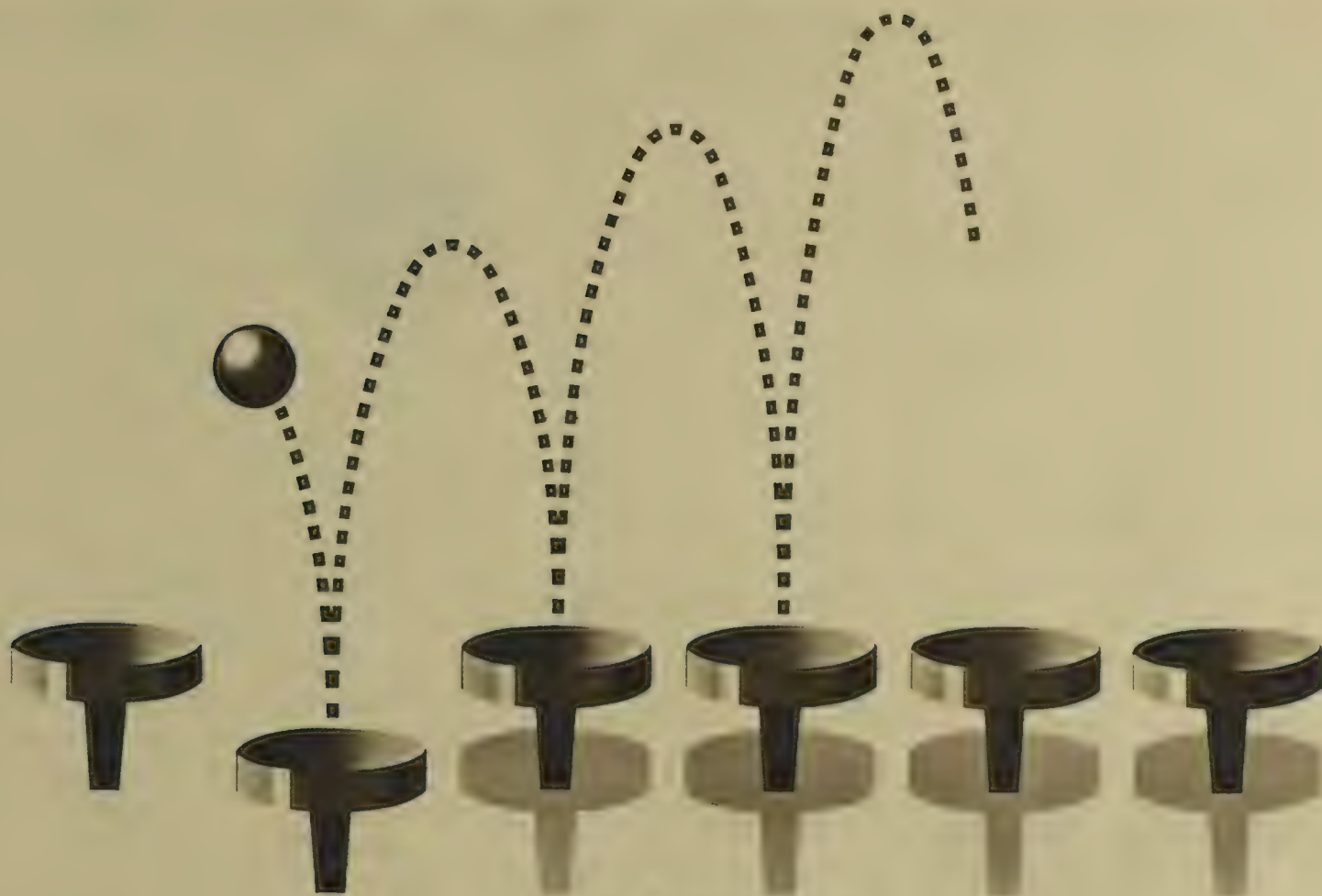
E. D. O'BRIEN.

THE RUSSIANS: ARE THEY HUMAN?

MANY books have been written about Russian Communists, and they resolve themselves easily into three classes. First we have the adulatory, fawning encomia of the Land of the Rose-Pink Dawn, all about youth and science and tractors on collective farms. Next come the treatises beetling with menace, telling us that it is all far, far worse than we have heard about until now. These tend to concentrate—the word is almost too appropriate, but let it stand—on camps, murder, mass trials, and singularly unsavoury scientific experiments, ending with an apocalyptic chapter on the bombs (A and H). Finally we have the pundits who inform us that nobody has ever known—or ever can, or ever will know—anything whatever about the Russians. Whatever one's feelings about this important question, it is possible to get more than a little tired of books written in all three keys. That is why "Close Contact," by Brigadier C. H. Dewhurst, O.B.E. (George Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.), forms such a refreshing contrast. Here at last is someone who really has had close contact with these enigmatic creatures for a considerable period—he was Chief of the British Mission to the Soviet Forces of Occupation at Potsdam for two years, until March 1953—and whose approach to them has been directed by a keen critical intelligence, adaptability, genial curiosity and a sense of humour. Much can be done, even within the framework of official intercourse, with such gifts as these, and Brigadier Dewhurst has done it. His serious conclusions and appreciations are worth the study which I am sure they will receive. He points out the many weaknesses in the Russian armed strength, and economic, industrial and scientific situation. He analyses the nature of a Communist, and finds that it consists of a series of complexes, founded upon that of inferiority and easily developing into paranoia. He describes the mentality induced in the Russian masses by thirty-seven years of indoctrination as "diffidence and apathy." (We, who are so much accustomed to associating Communism with quasi-religious fervour, will note with interest what seems to happen to the old bottles when the new wine has stopped fermenting.) He prints an impressive list of Stalin's failures since the end of the 1939-45 war, beginning with the failure of the Greek Civil War, and ending with the failure to secure Austrian goodwill. Incidentally, his story of his Soviet colleagues' reactions to the illness and death of Stalin may well lead him to characterise that death as "strange"! He writes pleasingly of Soviet manners (table and other) and customs, and illustrates, quietly and without malice, their form of humour. It is not that, having set this book down, one is tempted to soothe oneself with the sophism that everything is going to be all right on the night. The author is far too well aware of the hideous problem before us to induce any such armchair insanity. But we have been living for so long under a kind of demonological cloud, in which the vast forces of anti-Christ seem to be gathering to destroy us, that it is as well to be reminded by one who knows them that the Russians are men impelled by a false mystique. The men are, after all, men, and the mystique is, after all, false.

The literature of escape has taken on an altogether new significance these days. The end of the war is nine years behind us, and still there pours from the printing presses a constant stream of adventure stories by those who escaped from P.O.W. camps in all parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. These books are, as might be expected, of very unequal merit, but they all offer the attractive lures of excitement in the narrative and sincerity in the author. Mr. Alan Caillou's "The World is Six Feet Square" (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.) is pleasantly different in some ways, partly, I think, because he gives a graphic description of his trial—he and his companion were wearing Arab burnouses when they were picked up, and this led to complications—and also because they were ultimately interned in the civilian prison at Gaeta. This gives Mr. Caillou an opportunity of getting on to terms with some startling and unusual Italians—and his descriptions make the most of that opportunity. "On the whole," he writes, "they were a good crowd. They were not very brilliant as conversationalists, but they were interesting people to talk to, solely because in one's normal life one does not have much chance of mixing with the professional cut-throat in his own environment. It was a holiday from the strain, very seldom recognised as a strain before, of leading a moral and virtuous life. Comparatively." This was all so good that I confess that I was rather sorry when Mr. Caillou escaped again!

To cross the Atlantic in a sailing-boat less than 20 ft. overall is not everyone's idea of a jolly cruising holiday. But Patrick Ellam and Colin Mudie, in "Sopranino" (Rupert Hart-Davis; 16s.), make a light-hearted and entertaining story of their formidable Odyssey. The book has been written by Patrick—this familiarity arises naturally from his own style, and will, I hope, be granted indulgence—and Colin adds comments, corrections, and chaff in italicised paragraphs. Such a manner might have been inexpressibly tedious—as it is, it comes off, even brilliantly. One astonishing



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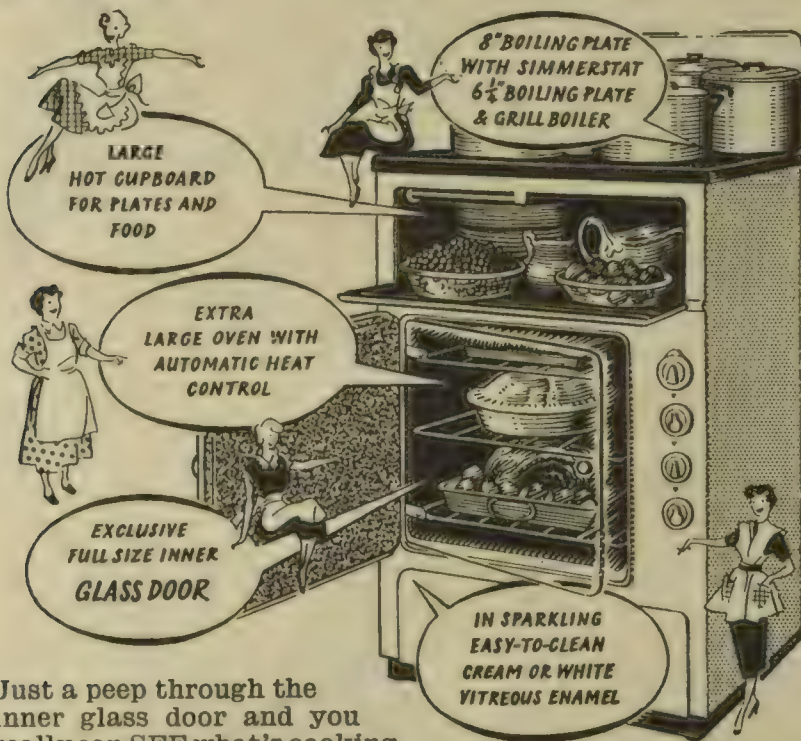
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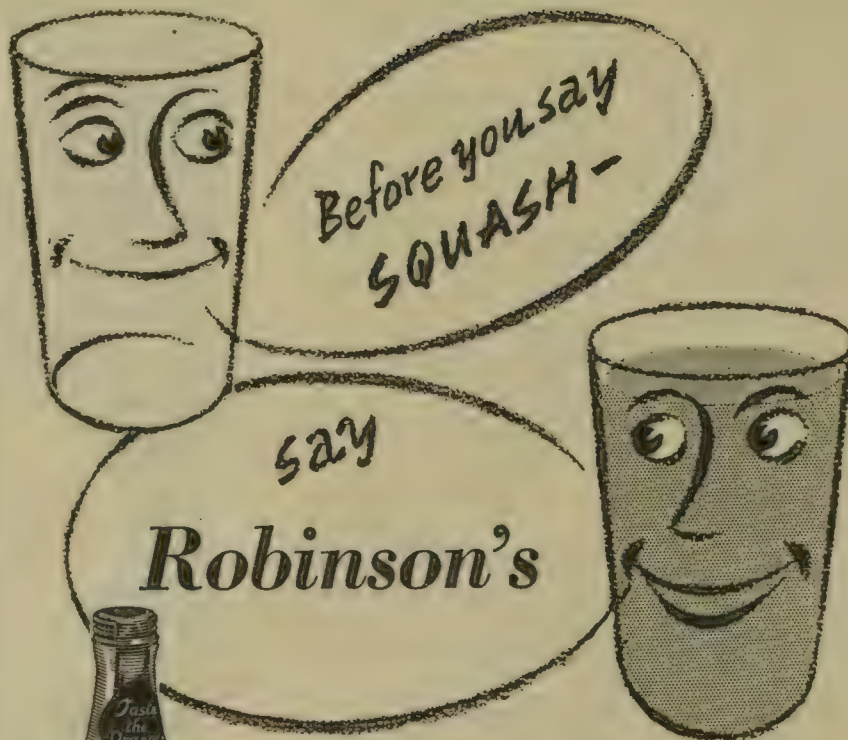


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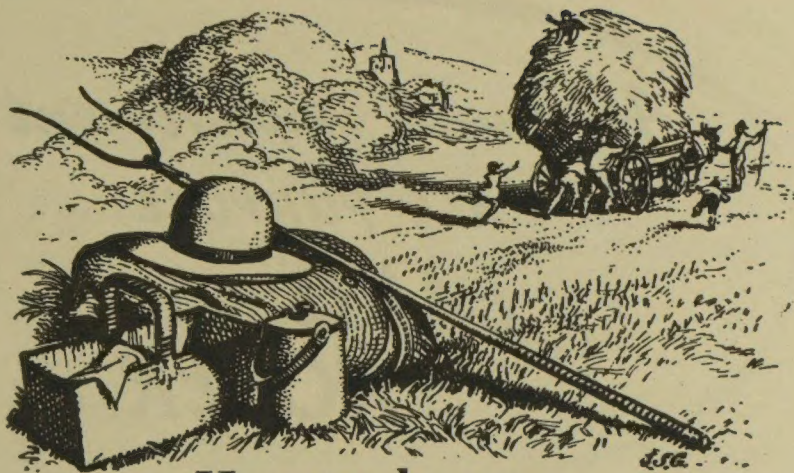
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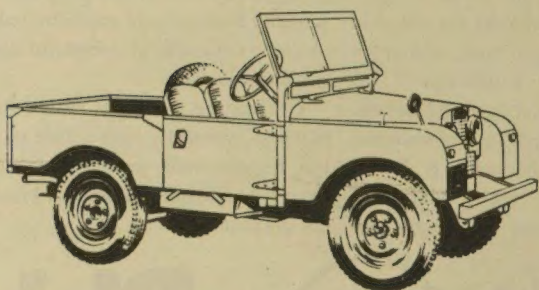
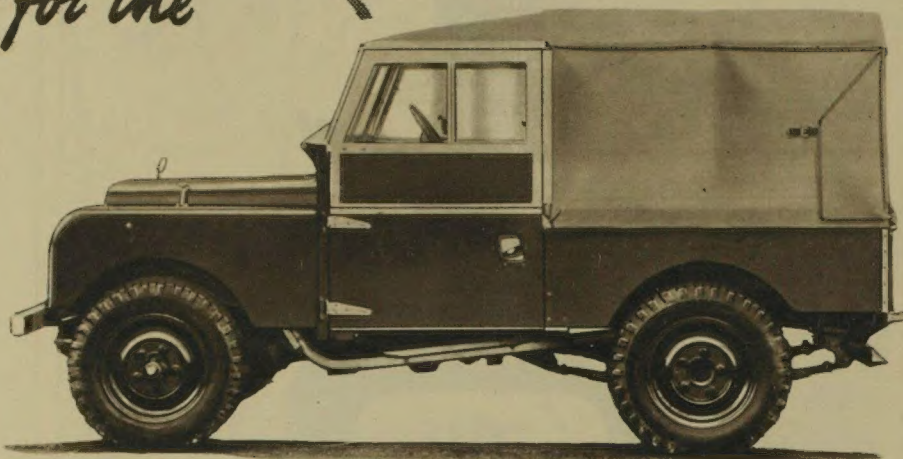
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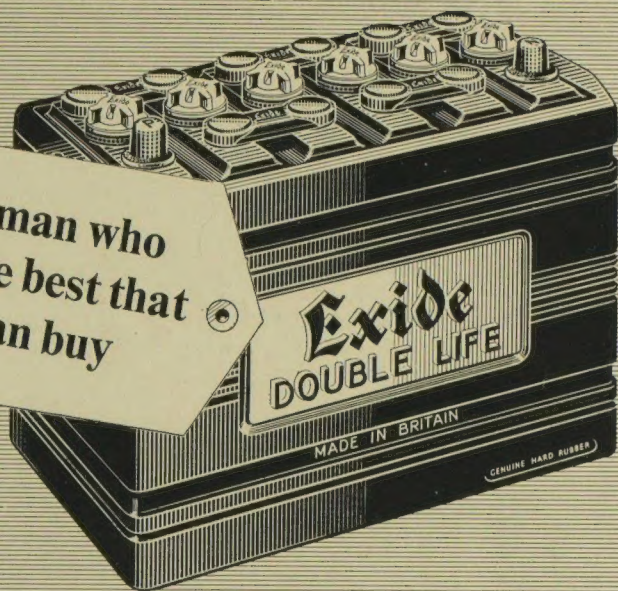
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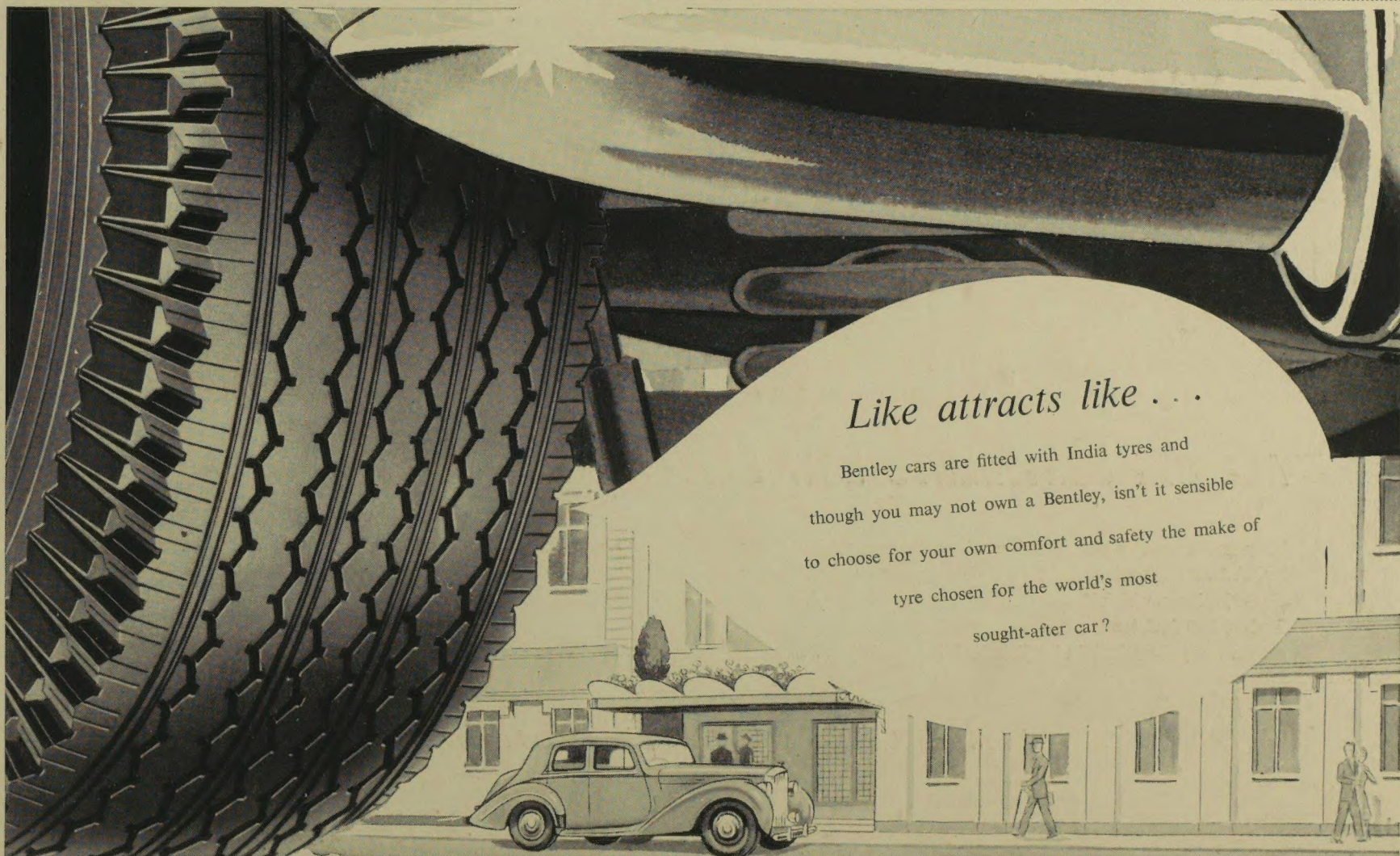
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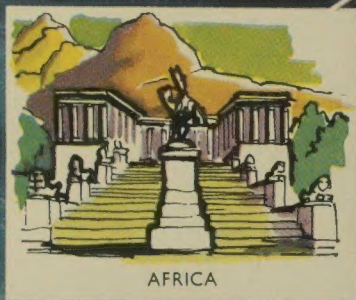
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